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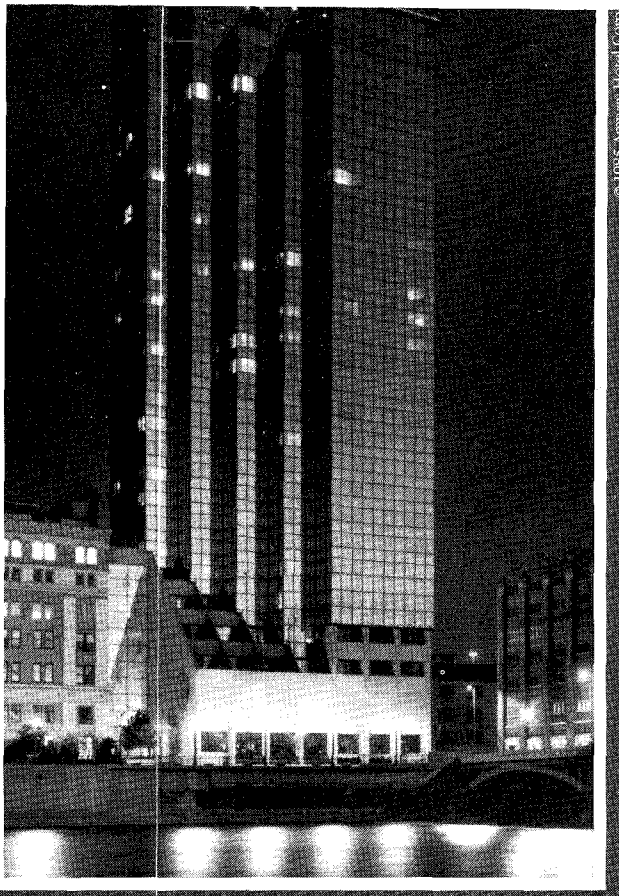

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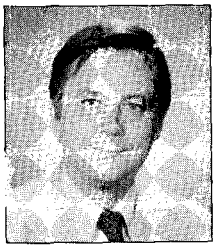
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LETTERS

Congrats

My congratulations on these thirty glorious years, the fresh look at reality which you continue to implement, the tremendous movement which you started, that magnificent 30th Anniversary Issue, and The Party, which was a humdinger.

Douglas Van Patten
Carp Lake, Mich.

A thundering round of applause for the remarkable Joseph Sobran ["Pensées: Notes for the Reactionary of Tomorrow," Dec. 31]. Who else could have served as your intellectual centerpiece and carried it off with such calm erudition combined with such elegant simplicity and clarity of style? He has touched all the important bases and put together a quiet but enormously powerful manifesto (I hope the word does not offend him). God bless, Mr. Sobran. You have done it.

John T. Cody
Pittsford, N.Y.

Sparks Controversy

The article by Brad Sparks ["The Scandal of Nuclear Winter," Nov. 15] lacks accuracy and veracity. His diatribe against the nuclear-winter theory and the scientists working in the field is so replete with errors—from beginning to end—that we despair of correcting the manuscript. Sparks confuses facts as simple as the authorship of the TTAPS study he so vigorously attacks, consistently inverting the authors Turco and Toon, and casting doubt that he has ever seen or read the original report.

Sparks prefers to ignore published scientific papers in favor of extemporaneous and self-serving comments (many third-hand) by sources who between them have written hardly a single line of reviewed work on the subject. The problem this causes is exemplified in Sparks's repeated references to Russell Seitz. Sparks creates the aura of a "Harvard" professor for Seitz, when in reality he is an investment counselor with R. J. Edwards Inc. of Boston. Sparks quotes Seitz as charging that the TTAPS group suppressed its *own* research that contradicted the nuclear-winter theory—notably a study of the soot released by supersonic aircraft engines. Seitz claims (according to Sparks) that "hundreds of millions of tons" of soot were assumed (by TTAPS) to be dumped into the stratosphere, producing a negligible surface temperature drop of less than 0.01 degree Celsius. Yet, the same model with similar amounts of soot later predicted a nuclear winter! Seitz's comments to Michael McElroy on this matter apparently triggered the negative response dutifully reported by Sparks.

But Seitz is wrong! The aircraft study, published in the *Journal of Applied Meteorology* in 1980, clearly assumed only several *thousand* tons of soot emitted over an entire year. Seitz's overstatement —by a cool factor of 100,000—is carelessly propagated by Sparks. Seitz's other contributions are similarly distorted.

Sparks claims that the TTAPS research was not properly reviewed prior to publication in the journal *Science*. In fact, the work was subjected to one of the most rigorous and extended reviews ever conducted. The detailed TTAPS "bluebook" report—the lengthy precursor of the *Science* paper—was distributed to more than one hundred scientists early in 1983. That report was critically discussed at a two-day meeting in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in April. The National Research Council Committee on the Atmospheric Effects of a Major Nuclear War also used the report as a jumping-off point for its work in 1983. A review panel of three senior scientists was established at the NASA Ames Research Center, and they evaluated the TTAPS work twice before it was published. The journal *Science* obtained at least three anonymous reviews of the paper that had been condensed from the bluebook and formally submitted for publication. The reviewers' critiques were answered, and the paper revised, resubmitted, and accepted prior to the Washington conference on October 31. All in all, perhaps one hundred scientists had commented on the TTAPS report, formally and informally, before its appearance in December 1983.

While some of these scientists remained skeptical of the TTAPS findings, no critical errors were discovered. Each criticism was taken seriously; many were found to be unimportant, but those that had merit were factored into the manuscript. It is noteworthy that all of the subsequent national and international technical assessments of nuclear winter conducted over

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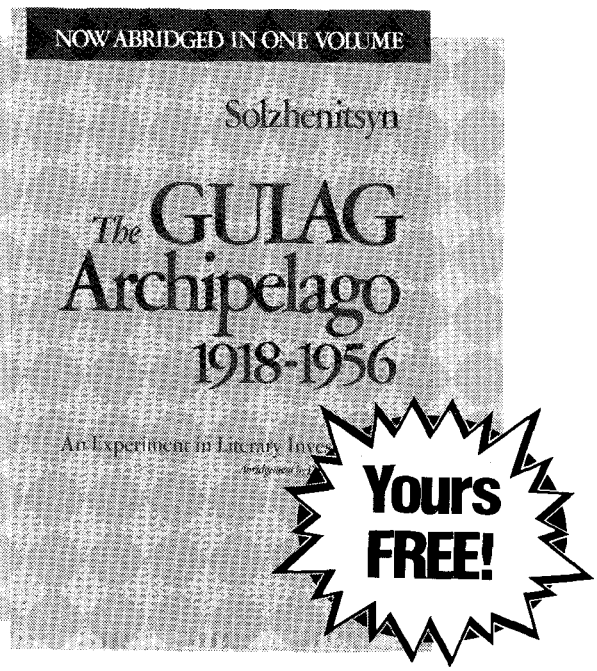

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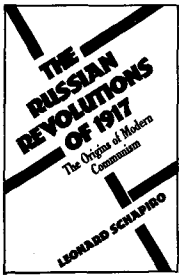

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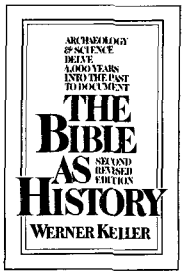
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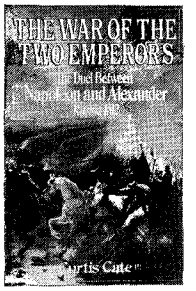

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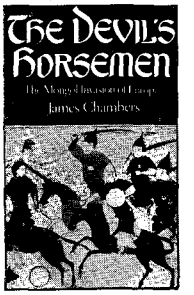

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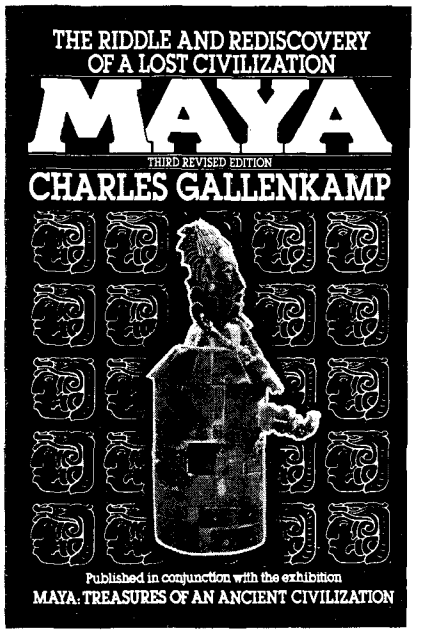
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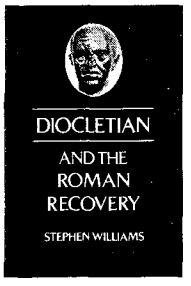

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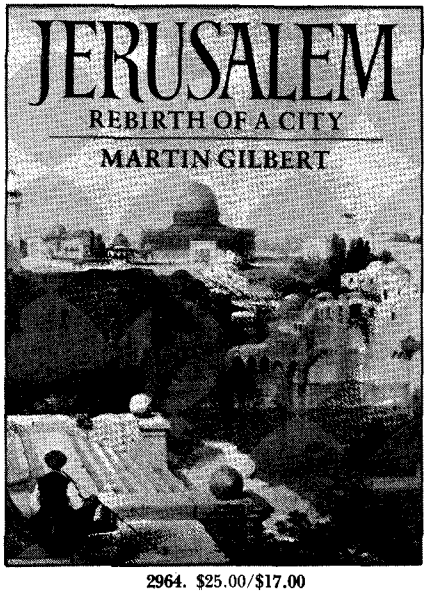

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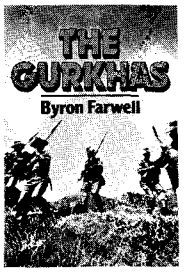

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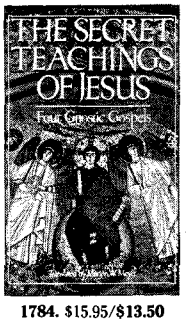

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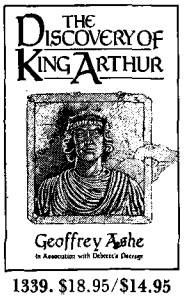

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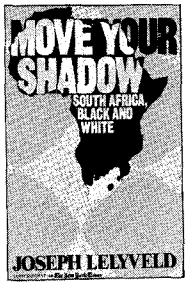

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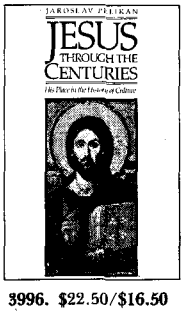

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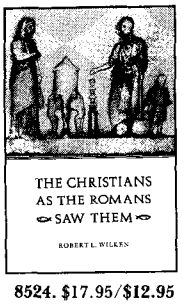

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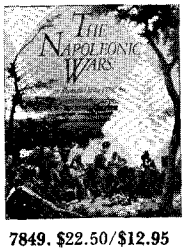

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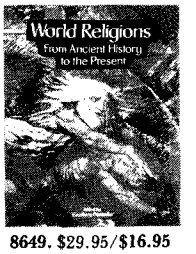

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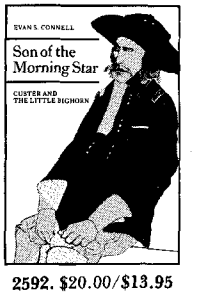

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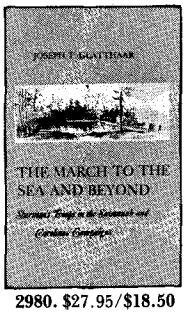

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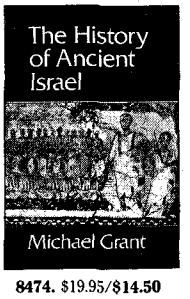

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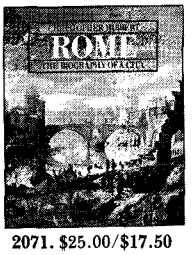

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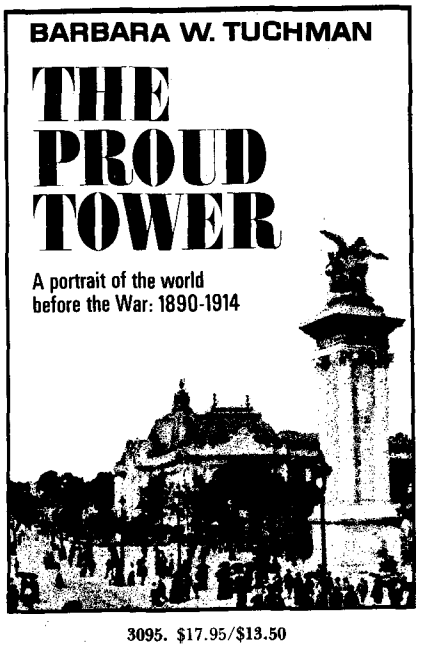

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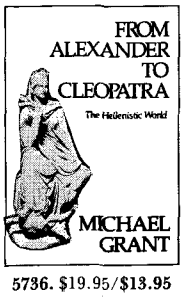

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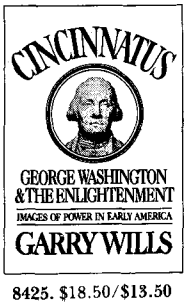

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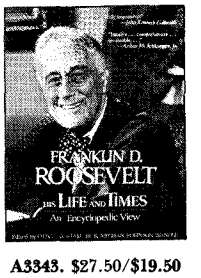

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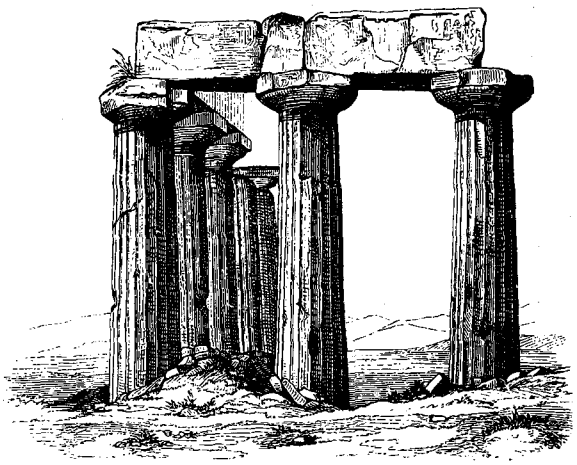

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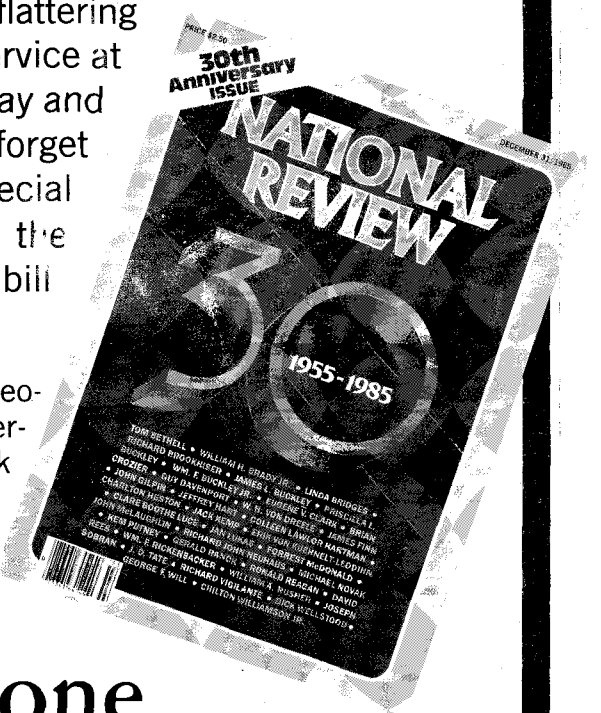

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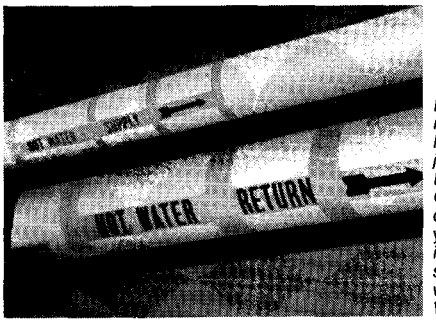

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the past two years have been consistent with the original TTAPS paper. The basic physics remains the same, and the basic outcomes as well.

Richard Turco
Brian Toon
Thomas Ackerman
Los Angeles, Calif.

The article by Brad Sparks contains a grain of truth but is so misleading in its particulars as to damage the credibility of your journal. Admittedly, TTAPS's *Science* article could have been improved by avoiding overselling their case and by emphasizing the uncertainties in the atmospheric models. Nevertheless, the possibility of "nuclear winter" is a real one if tens of thousands of megatons are detonated. A number of papers published in the British journal *Nature* have tended to support the nuclear-winter thesis despite editor John Maddox's skepticism (which probably should be regarded as caution and not utter disbelief). Similarly, work by scientists at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, and the National Center for Atmospheric Research has tended to support the nuclear-winter hypothesis.

Sparks cites World War II experience from fires in German and Japanese cities as negating the possibility of nuclear winter. In fact, the sparseness of pertinent data coupled with the possible "nonlinear" nature of the climatic effects (crudely expressed as "the whole is greater than the sum of its parts") severely limits the utility of that experience. He also cites NASA Reference Publication 1058 (actually published in the *Journal of Applied Meteorology*, Volume 19, January 1980) as evidence that nuclear winter is a red herring. Although Sparks does not mention my name, I was a coauthor of that report/article and manager of the research that led to it. I can attest that we did not consider a fleet of supersonic transports to be "dumping hundreds of millions of tons of soot into the stratosphere." The actual figure was ten thousand tons in two years (the approximate residence time of soot in the stratosphere).

As for the fifth author of the TTAPS report, Carl Sagan, there is no question but that he attempted to stretch the model results for use in the 1984 political campaign. This was reprehensible in my opinion, but it does not justify Sparks's attack on the real possibility of nuclear winter in certain scenarios.

Robert C. Whitten
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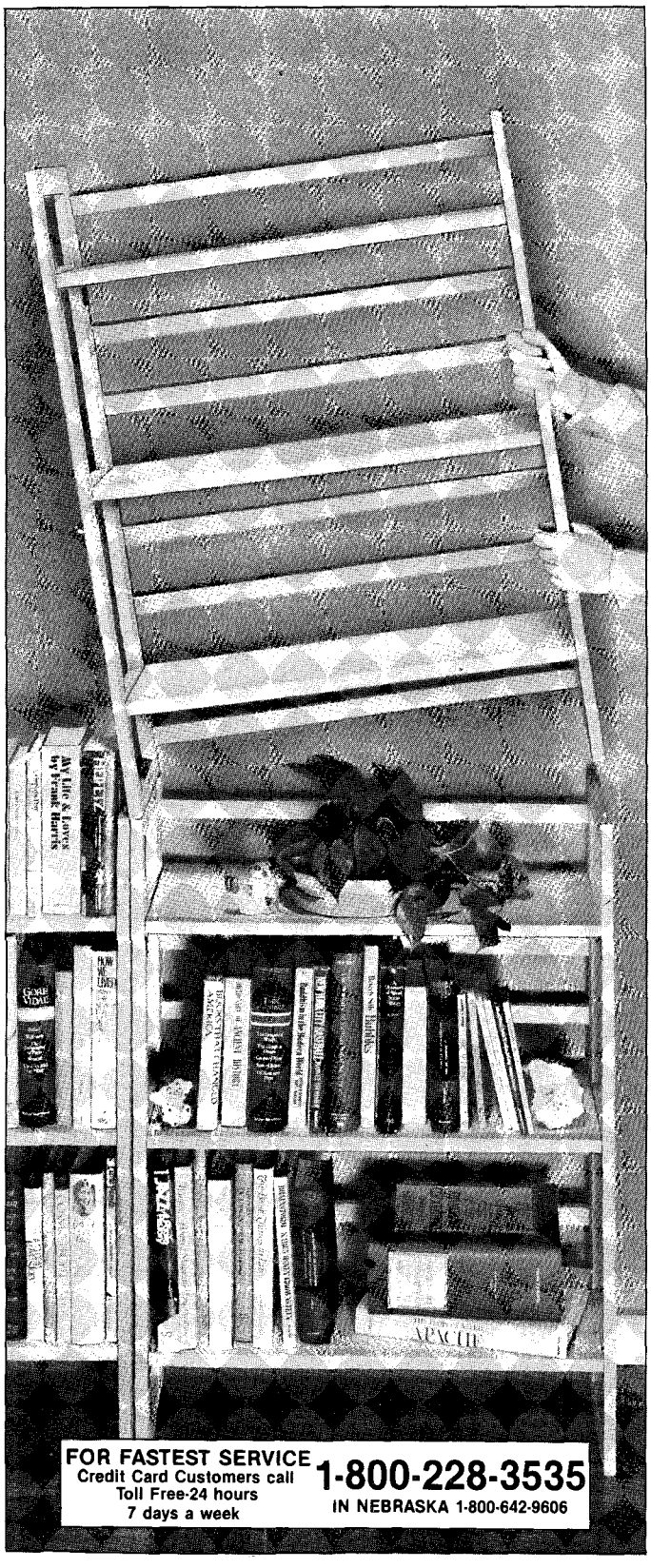

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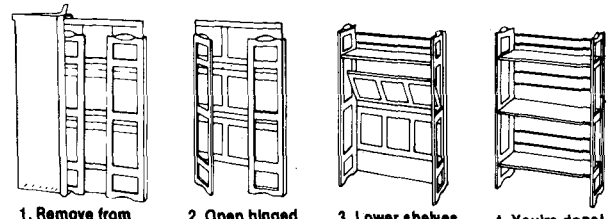

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312777. Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italien; Rimsky-Korsakoff: Capriccio Espagnol; etc.—Bernstein (CBS Great Performances)

BAROQUE

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—London)

329615. Handel: Water Music. Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

324897. Vivaldi: Four Seasons—Maazel, cond. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

332544. Vivaldi: 6 Flute Concerti. Op. 10—Rampal; Scimone, I Solisti Veneti *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos For 2 and 3 Violins; etc. Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

MODERN

329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. *(Digital*—London)

325316. Bartok: Violin Concerto No. 2; Rhapsodies 1-2—Isaac Stern; Bernstein, New York Phil. (Masterworks Portrait)

325274. Berg: Lulu Suite—also works by Webern and Schoenberg. Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy (Masterworks Portrait)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Jean-Pierre Rampal and Claude Bolling (Columbia)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. *(Digital*—London)

240473. Copland: Appalachian Spring (complete)—*Copland and* London Symphony (Columbia)

309500. Copland: "Billy The Kid" (Ballet Suite); **Four Dance Episodes from "Rodeo"**—Bernstein cond. (CBS Great Performances)

328005. Debussy: Images (complete); **Estampes;** etc.—Ivan Moravec, pianist *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

304931. Debussy: Images Fór Orchestra; Prelude To An Afternoon Of A Faun—Previn, London Symph. *(Digital*—Angel)

331439. Enesco: Violin Sonata No. 3; Dvorak: 4 Romantic Pieces, Op. 75; etc.—Stern, violin; Zakin, piano (CBS Masterworks)

321471. Gershwin: Concerto In F; An American In Paris; Rhapsody In Blue—Andre Previn and London Symphony (Angel)

326488. Gershwin: Porgy & Bess Suite; Second Rhapsody; Cuban Overture—Previn, London Symph. *(Digital*—Angel)

319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer—(CBS)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

330126. Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite; Alfven: Swedish Rhapsody—Comissiona, Baltimore Symphony *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Michael Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

338731. Prokofiev: Symphonies No. 1 (Classical) **& 7;** etc.—Previn, London Sym. *(Digital*—Angel)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

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I. Salieri: Sinfonia iana; more—Pesko ndon Symphony lasterworks)

. Sibelius: Sym- s No. 4 and **7**— nd, Helsinki Philhar- Or. *(Digital*—Angel)

). Sibelius: Violin rto; Schumann: Concerto— r; Muti, Philharmonia *Digital*—Angel)

). Smetana: Moldau, ed Bride Overture, s; etc. Bernstein, . (Columbia)

310086. Wagner: Overtures —*Flying Dutchman, Rienzi,* etc. Maazel, Philharmonia Orch. (Columbia)

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The inflated credibility of the snow job perpetrated on television by Carl Sagan can only benefit from so erratic an attack as Brad Sparks's piece on nuclear winter. Sparks has displayed a wild talent for blending exposé with solecism. His misquotation of my SST reference, for example, both errs and misses the point.

Failure to cite all of the relevant scientific literature is not the same as the suppression of evidence that Sparks charges. Only Sagan's refusal to release the tapes of his do-it-yourself "peer review" proceedings and the Soviets' reneging on sharing forest-fire data deserve the obloquy of that term.

Sparks seems confused about the relevance of various natural phenomena in analogy to nuclear war. The inconsequential effects of the Tunguska meteor are indeed interesting, not because of lack of darkness—its explosion set no fires, vitiating Sparks's remarks about smoke—but because of the immense amount of energy it deposited in the stratosphere as it streaked across Siberia, scorching the very air. According to a 1980 paper by some of the TTAPS authors, its passage created thirty million tons of nitrogen oxides, destroying ozone and increasing ultraviolet radiation on the ground—effects they state "may be compared with those of a six-thousand-megaton nuclear 'war.'" Their learned Soviet colleagues have equated such effects from war with a global cooling of at least 17 degrees Fahrenheit. Yet nothing happened in 1908.

Or in 1915, when millions of square kilometers of Siberia went up in flames. Smoke from these wildfires blanketed 2.6 million square miles over 51 days, but twilight at noon co-existed with a heat wave. The quantity of smoke was vast, well within the range predicted to yield "nuclear winter." But the hypothetical phenomena responsible for raising the smoke *in the models* into the upper atmosphere to wreak chilly havoc on the global circulation failed to materialize.

"The Effects on the Atmosphere of a Major Nuclear War," the National Academy of Sciences report attacked by Sparks, doesn't even contain the expression "nuclear winter." What its authors couldn't quantify they disdained to name. They called for more and better data and models, for the technical controversy (*pace* Sparks) is very real.

On the walls of the Academy is engraved an admonition from Aeschylus that both Sparks and Sagan should heed: "Of stormy Winter, flowery Spring, and fruitful Summer they had no certain knowledge whereon they could depend. And not knowing, they wrought all things in confusion."

Russell Seitz
Visiting Scholar
The Center for International Affairs
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Brad Sparks performs an important service by exposing the full history of "nuclear winter," scientific as well as political. In addition, he points to many scientific shortcomings of the theory as published by TTAPS.

The National Academy of Sciences has now issued a lengthy report, which—so Carl Sagan claims in the *New York Times* (Dec. 29, 1984)—endorses the TTAPS results. Far from it! The NAS data, when taken to their logical conclusion, cut the ground out from under the nuclear-winter scenario and even make plausible a slight warming (the so-called "nuclear summer"), as surmised earlier (*Wall Street Journal*, Feb. 3, 1984).

1. Sparks provides convincing evidence that super-dense smoke clouds didn't form over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, nor over Dresden and Hamburg. The NAS data provide an explanation; they confirm that the fires put enough water vapor into the atmosphere to wash out most of the smoke. The NAS data have led me to conclude that the water content is several times that of typical cumulus rain clouds.

2. If super-dense smoke clouds *were* to be formed, they might create local pitch darkness but no freezing—contrary to TTAPS. The clouds would be thick enough to provide a heat blanket ("greenhouse effect") over the surface and thereby lead to warming. (The nuclear-winter scenario is based on the assumption of a smoke shield just thick enough to cut off some 95 per cent of sunlight, but not thick enough to act as a heat blanket.)

3. With the use of data developed in the NAS report one can show that the greenhouse effect is enhanced in several independent ways: through the radiation effects of a high-altitude cirrus cloud blanket formed as a result of the nuclear detonations, and through the radiation effects of the combustion gases formed in the fires along with the smoke particles. Even after the smoke clouds have spread over the Northern Hemisphere (assuming they can survive that long in the atmosphere), there could be a warming of the surface, or perhaps a slight cooling; but no deep freeze.

S. Fred Singer
Eminent Scholar
George Mason University
Fairfax, Va.

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Mr. Sparks Replies

In the interaction between author and editor a handful of technical errors and ambiguities of phrasing did creep into my article. None of these errors, discussed below, in any way detracts from the main point.

First the errors. What the article should have said about the SST controversy is this: The TTAPS members' papers on the SST suggest that the dumping of hundreds of thousands (not "millions") of tons of *smoke* (not the *soot* that makes up only a fraction of the total smoke droplets) high into the stratosphere would result in a trivial temperature drop of less than 0.01 Kelvin. (The actual figures cited in the SST paper for amounts of smoke and therefore temperature drops are lower; I am extrapolating.) The TTAPS nuclear-winter model, however, implicitly predicts that hundreds of thousands of tons of smoke deposited in the stratosphere would cause a temperature drop of approximately 1 Kelvin, hundreds of times greater than that predicted in the SST paper, and lasting for months after the lower-altitude smoke has washed out. Though a one-degree average cooling would not, according to the winterists, cause a global nuclear winter, Sagan claims it would trigger severe regional chills, destroying most of the world's crops in a "nuclear famine." TTAPS avoided references to the SST paper in their *published* works. Such references would have clearly revealed this contradiction.

The Swedish environmentalist magazine is spelled *Ambio*, not *Ambro*. Paul Crutzen, who lives and works in West Germany, is Dutch. Richard Turco is the first T in TTAPS. Russell Seitz received most of his physics training from Harvard rather than MIT. Philip Morrison's ambiguous remark should be understood as meaning he would not bet for *or* against the validity of nuclear winter. Nuclear dust and volcanic dust differ from the *smoke* (not "dust") of burning cities in important ways. The "obvious difficulties" with Carl Sagan's use of Hiroshima and Nagasaki fire data in his nuclear-winter models should be understood to refer to the lack of any blackouts or temperature reductions at either city. Finally (page 36), Sagan himself has conceded that in the domain of science (not in the magazine *Science*) if just a single link in the chain of evidence is broken, a whole scientific argument falls apart.

As I say, none of these points undermines the arguments in my article, arguments to which Turco et al. carefully avoid responding.

(Continues on page 69)

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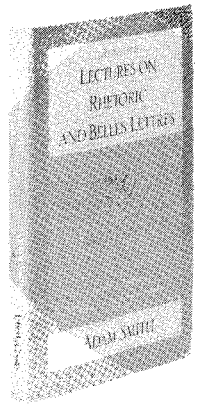

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By Adam Smith
The Glasgow Edition
Edited by J. C. Bryce

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FOR THE RECORD

The **Reagan** approval figures at the turn of the year were almost unbelievable: 68 per cent overall approval, higher even than after the March 1981 assassination attempt. But most startling was figure for blacks: 56 per cent of blacks now approve of President Reagan's handling of his job, up from 38 per cent in November, up from the mid-teens a year ago November. . . . Nearly as astonishing is fact that 46 per cent of Democrats approve of the President's performance; 44 per cent disapprove. Among independents the figure is a wacky 70 per cent approval; among Republicans, 93 per cent. . . . On Democratic side, with **Teddy Kennedy** out of the race, **Gary Hart** is top dog of the hour. *Christian Science Monitor* senior Washington correspondent **Godfrey Sperling Jr.** says Teddy got out, among other things, because top economists gave him the "bad news" about the reasonably good economic climate ahead. "They foresaw," writes Sperling, "an economy that would rock along well enough to shape a political climate in which the Reagan conservative line—less government and less spending—would be the ticket to the White House." . . . One reason Gary Hart pulled out of Colorado Senate re-election race, reports *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder**, is Yuletide *Denver Post* poll that showed him with 47 per cent approval rating, very low for incumbent, 22 points less than Republican Colorado Sen. **Bill Armstrong**. Second reason, of course, is that Hart has major debt still to be paid off from last presidential run. . . . Word is that Rep. **Tim Wirth** will make bid for Hart's seat, and that Democratic National Committeewoman **Polly Baca** will go for Wirth's House seat. "The Senate," said the departing senator, "will be Hart-less, the House Wirth-less."

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"It's a living."

People-talk on the Hill: Dartmouth professor **Robert Jastrow** (author of *How to Make Nuclear Weapons Obsolete*) is among those mentioned as possible replacement for **George Keyworth** as White House Science Advisor. Also mentioned: Keyworth's deputy director, **John P. McTague**, and **Roland W. Schmitt** of General Electric. Question SDI advocates are asking: Would Jastrow be more valuable in White House or as independent critic of the scientific critics of Space Shield? . . . Newly converted GOP member **Linda Chavez**, effective White House director of public liaison, will definitely run for Senate in Maryland (Republican Sen. **Mac Mathias** is retiring). . . . In pre-Christmas-recess confirmation votes, former Sen. **James L. Buckley** was confirmed as judge on U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C. (**Lowell Weicker** and ten Democrats voted against Buckley), and conservative author and political philosopher (and occasional *NR* contributor) **John T. Noonan Jr.** went to 9th Circuit Court of Appeals on West Coast. . . . Up for confirmation to 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals is attorney **J. Daniel Mahoney**, co-founder (with **Kieran O'Doherty**) of New York's successful Conservative Party. Mahoney, and 1965 Conservative Party mayoral candidate **Bill Buckley**, will be among awardees at Conservative Party dinner at New York City's Sheraton Centre Thursday, Jan. 23. Also attending: Vice President **George Bush**, Sen. **Alfonse D'Amato**, Rep. **Jack Kemp**. (For details, see ad p. 14.) . . . Other big conservative splash of season is three-day Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) in Washington Jan. 30 through Feb. 1. President Reagan will speak at dinner Jan. 30; **Jonas Savimbi** is expected, State Department visa permitting. (For details, see ad p. 45.)

UNESCO, with its usual great timing, chose week of Rome, Vienna airport slaughters to open its office at Arab League headquarters in Tunis; its purpose, said Director General **Amadou Mahtar M'bow**, is to "widen cooperation between the Arab countries and UNESCO." . . . Polls taken in November, after all the hoopla over 40th anniversary of United Nations, found 10 per cent drop in its approval rating among Americans since February: Only 28 per cent of Americans feel UN is doing a good job. . . . In the Communist homeland it's awards season, and an independent jury of 18 public figures (unnamed) in ten countries (unnamed) has given the fifth annual **Abu-Ali ibn-Sina** prize to **Patrice Lumumba** Friendship University in Moscow, which is where young Third Worlders learn all about terror and subversion. . . . Calling **Dale Carnegie**: For the second time since she left, Soviet authorities have blocked (by static) a phone call from **Yelena Bonner** to her husband, **Andrei Sakharov**, in Gorki, and, after kindly permitting Mrs. **Helle Frejus** to rejoin her husband 11 years after their Moscow marriage, Soviet authorities at the Moscow airport confiscated (stole) her gold watch. Gold cannot be exported, they said.

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THE WEEK

☐ Congress went home, but celebrations are premature. It may come back.

☐ The best thing to be said about the farm bill cobbled together by the congressional agriculture committees—that is to say, by the farm lobbies—and signed by President Reagan is that it slightly lowers the price supports for major grains. The worst thing—and the worst embraces most of the bill—is that the political price of this modest gain was an enormous increase in the amount Washington pays farmers not to grow. The new bill (partly under the disguise of a phony conservation reserve) will subsidize seventy million idle acres. The House admits that this will cost $17 billion; the true figure is more likely to be $20 to $22 billion. Farmers, with congressional encouragement, took out huge loans at a time of galloping inflation. They took, in other words, an economic risk. Inflation didn't last forever; now we all are paying the bill. This was one Reagan threatened to veto, and should have vetoed.

☐ Does anyone remember the time, back in 1979, when Joseph Lowery, head of Martin Luther King Jr.'s Southern Christian Leadership Conference, led a delegation that included Benjamin Hooks and Julian Bond to Libya and bestowed on the blood-soaked Qaddafi an award of appreciation from American blacks called "The Decoration of Martin Luther King"? Aaaarrrrggghhh!

☐ President Reagan, in an interview with a Mexican newspaper, discussed some of the hemisphere's troubles and their causes. Reagan said that "the hand of the Soviet Union and its Cuban surrogates can be found behind terrorist movements such as the M-19 in Colombia . . . [and] the FMLN in El Salvador . . . It is behind the Nicaraguan government's subversion of its democratic neighbors. And the link between the governments of such Soviet allies as Cuba and Nicaragua and international narcotics trafficking and terrorism is becoming increasingly clear." All true; obvious, even. The Monroe Doctrine was the relevant instrument for preventing such things; for over a hundred years, a Monroe Doctrine sensibility actually did so. America turned in its sleep, and Maximilian fell in Mexico. We imposed arbitration on Great Britain and Venezuela; got into World War I in part because of the Zimmermann note; worried about German agents in Latin America during World War II. Now a hostile superpower has not one but two client states within spitting distance, and is actively looking to pick up two more. Why is Mr. Reagan's reaction considered newsworthy?

☐ In announcing that she won't run for the Senate this year, Gerry Ferraro added that she expects "full vindication" from a federal investigation into her finances. It's more likely that if she expected vindication she'd go ahead and run. In 1984 she charged that the only reason there were any questions about her business life was that her name ended in a vowel; Sidney Blumenthal, in *The New Republic*, has taken care of that one with an eye-popping report on some of her family's many-voweled business associates, e.g., the late Aniello Dellacroce, whose recent death may have precipitated the slightly more recent death of mobster Paul Castellano. A tip of the hat to the *New York Tribune*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and various publications owned by Rupert Murdoch (except for the *Village Voice*), which braved abuse for trying to give the public the lowdown on Mrs. Ferraro during the '84 campaign.

☐ Back in the Sixties one of the many things that everyone knew was that the police department of Oakland, California, the Black Panthers' home town, was "out to get" the Panthers, which explained why the cops and the Panthers had such violent confrontations. Now former Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver,

Assad and Hussein

They kissed and hugged at dinner,
  Made goo-goo eyes at lunch,
And may, for all Dan Rather knows,
  Be cooing, "Honeybunch."
But though each party's humming
  Epithalamiums,
Statistics say a bomb will blow
  Before the mullah comes.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

INSIDERS OF all ideological stripes are counseling restraint in the use of force against Libya. "Both the U.S. and Israel have their hands tied," says a Reaganite senator who follows the Middle East closely. "An attack on Libya would only *build* Qaddafi at a time when his hold on power is collapsing. An attack would defuse intense domestic pressures that now threaten his rule."

"Qaddafi's days are numbered," says a senior congressional staffer, reflecting widespread Hill sentiment. "He'll be overthrown within a year." The Libyan economy is in shambles, with the people resenting the waste of their nation's oil fortune. A case in point is Qaddafi's $25-*billion* boondoggle whereby water was to have been piped from underground springs in Libya's southeastern desert to the capital city of Tripoli. Another is the purchase of $16 billion worth of Soviet military equipment that sits in the desert, sun-baked and covered with sand. Qaddafi's lunacies have driven fifty thousand (of a total population of 3.5 million) of the country's best and brightest into exile since he seized power 16 years ago. As the economy worsens, opposition continues to grow.

The most telling sign of the deterioration of Qaddafi's hold on power occurred last September, observes a National Security Council expert. For the first time, there was no military parade through the streets of Tripoli commemorating the revolution. Qaddafi called it off because he feared he might be assassinated as Egypt's President Sadat was at a military parade four years ago. Disaffected by Qaddafi's intervention in Chad (where his troops sat idle for days on end), the military grows more hostile all the time. Qaddafi seldom stays in the same place for more than a single night, traveling to unannounced destinations by unannounced land, sea, and air routes.

Speculation on Qaddafi's successor continues to intrigue Washington's diplomatic elite. As many as twenty different opposition clusters both inside and outside of Libya would like to take over from Muammar. The group most likely to rule after Qaddafi's fall, says a ranking State Department source, is headed by Abdel Moneim al-Huni, Qaddafi's former Minister of Internal Affairs, now exiled in Cairo. Several smaller anti-Qaddafi factions are expected to coalesce around Moneim al-Huni, who has the respect of many former and current military leaders. Though pro-West, he wants no U.S. backing, no talk of him as a U.S. puppet. A second possible Qaddafi replacement is Mohammed Mugarieff, a longtime State Department/CIA favorite, bankrolled in the past by the Saudis, who now lives in exile in India. But most observers think Mugarieff no longer has a chance. "That's all changed," says a Senate Foreign Relations staffer. "Mugarieff has no political base inside or outside of Libya."

"The only way to rid the world of the Qaddafi menace is to go for his throat," notes a conservative Democratic senator. "But that's not our task. It's got to be done internally. If we try to do it, we'll only be throwing Qaddafi a political lifeline."

The U.S. is currently committed to $27 million in humanitarian aid to the Nicaraguan *Contras*. When Congress gets back, a full-scale push for military aid to the anti-Sandinistas will be launched by the State Department, with Secretary Shultz (an avid *Contra* supporter, it turns out) as point man.

A small State contingent has been consulting discreetly with key members of Congress, and the mood is optimistic. "Last time the aid question came up," said one Reaganite political appointee at State, "there was a 'see what you can get' attitude. This time, we're determined, and Congress is ready to be persuaded." The issue is moving at a time when "the *Contras* are fighting better than ever." The State official feels chances are "excellent" that a military-aid package for them will pass this year. Congress loves to back a winner.

If George Shultz steps down, however, the optimism becomes blighted. "*Contra* aid will become a non-issue," says a White House aide. "Congress trusts Shultz but would be skeptical of any replacement, at least for a while." CIA Director Bill Casey is out of favor with the Hill for past dealings that have been construed as not quite on the level, despite a residual grudging respect. Cap Weinberger is regarded as so rigidly *parti pris* on the *Contra* issue—and all others—that his credibility falters. As for the new NSC chief, John Poindexter, he still has too little clout, so Shultz alone can make *Contra* military aid happen. —CATO

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who renounced Marxism after sojourning in Cuba, Algeria, North Korea, China, and the USSR, says it wasn't so. In a lengthy interview in *Reason* magazine, Cleaver says the Panther/police shootouts were all set up by the Panthers to make the police look bad: "We definitely were not sitting back waiting for the authorities to attack us. . . . We would go out and ambush cops, but if we got caught we would blame it on them . . . I did that personally in the [Bobby Hutton] case. . . . We went after the cops that night . . . When you talk about the legacy of the Sixties that's one legacy . . . because it helped to distort the image of the police." Of J. Edgar Hoover's "obsession" with the Panthers, Cleaver says Hoover "wasn't inaccurate. He said that we were the main threat. We were *trying* to be the main threat. . . . We were working hand-in-hand with Communist parties here and around the world."

☐ Secretary of State George Shultz, who is normally as excitable as a cigar-store Indian, got positively livid while visiting Yugoslavia. Appearing at a news conference with the Yugoslav foreign minister, Shultz asked why the Yugoslav government had refused U.S. requests to detain Mohammed Abbas, the mastermind of the *Achille Lauro* hijacking, when he was there briefly en route to Iraq. The foreign minister began to jaw about how, although his government deplores terrorism, "one must also view the causes that lead to it." Hearing this, Mr. Shultz pounded his mighty fist on the table and, his face red with anger, replied, "Hijacking the Italian ship, murdering an American,

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torturing and holding a whole bunch of other Americans is not justified by any cause I know of." Well done. Let's have some more of that kind of thing.

☐ Japan is always going to outperform the U.S. in auto manufacture, right? Well, no: Wrong. The experts are saying that new U.S. cars, mini-vans, and light trucks are edging out Japan's on performance, while U.S. sport and luxury sedans are passing Europe's in quality at half the price. The U.S. may even begin exporting its cars to Japan, following the example of BMW. Happy New Year.

☐ The British have pulled out of UNESCO, jolly good. But more interesting is the germ of an idea making the rounds in London, and conveyed to us by Melvin Lasky, editor of *Encounter*, who was in town for The Party. It goes: Why not begin another UNESCO, with only the good guys in it? So to speak, competition for the United Nations from the public-private sector? No Third World nations except those that behave. Sensible rules. Prudent money management. And—perhaps the seeds of a discreet withdrawal from the UN where this makes sense. What to call such an agency? How about ESCO? That would rather make the point, what? Anyway, we asked Mel Lasky to give us a couple of thousand words on the idea. Coming in February.

☐ The Philippine election campaign has reached its "Where's the beef?" stage. The question is asked: Will Corazon Aquino, if elected, permit Communists in her government? First she said that yes, she would, provided of course they renounced violence (to which President Marcos replied: "Do tigers change their stripes?"). Then she said no, she wouldn't let them in the ruling coalition but she would ask for their support because "we must open the door of democratic institutions to all Filipinos." With a growing Communist insurrection on his hands, Marcos jumped all over his opponent's statement and is now asking the voters to choose between an experienced (if much tarnished) longtime ruler and a political naïve. From a U.S. strategic view, a Marcos victory is preferable. He has promised to preserve the status quo on the Clark Air Force Station and Subic Bay Naval Base; Mrs. Aquino favors a plebiscite on the question.

☐ In Madrid, the attempted kidnapping of a Cuban defector by four Cuban Embassy employees was foiled by 24 bystanders who jumped on top of the would-be abductors. Before fleeing to Spain, Manuel Antonio Sánchez Pérez, an economic administrator who oversaw much of Cuba's purchasing abroad, had collected more than $500,000 in "commissions." Calling Sánchez a "vulgar thief," the Cubans wanted to bring him back to the workers' paradise in the Caribbean for a trial, claiming that the money belonged, like everything else, to the Cuban government. "They wanted to take me back to Cuba and shoot me," said Sánchez, acknowledging that Cuban officials are probably nervous about his knowledge of the Cuban economy, a subject on which he plans to write a book, which we will read.

☐ The Federation of Young Communists of Bologna, Italy, put Rambo on trial *in absentia*, for illegal occupation of public jungle, among other charges. The verdict was acquittal on grounds of diminished responsibility. They'd better watch that stuff. If humor ever catches on in the Party, Communism is dead.

☐ On Christmas Day, two of South Africa's largest tribes, the Zulus and the Pondos, clashed in a battle that left 59 dead. A week later, twenty were killed when the Pedis and the Ndebeles fought. The rivalry between the Zulus and the Pondos goes beyond tribal rivalry to modern politics. The Zulus are headed by Chief Buthelezi, one of the more moderate black leaders, while the Pondos are one of the Xhosa-speaking tribes, from which comes most of the leadership of the radical African National Congress. Divestiture from Zululand is the obvious answer.

☐ Danny Ortega sends Yasir Arafat a "fraternal embrace of solidarity," and it's hard to say which of them makes a worse bedfellow.

☐ The wire services are forever running yawps about how the "fundamentalists" are interfering with the proper teaching of evolutionary theory in public-school textbooks. Professor Paul Vitz of New York University, along with several colleagues, has put this proposition to the test with a study of sixty representative social-studies textbooks, plus a number of high-school history texts and "670 stories and articles" from elementary-school readers. "Are public-school textbooks biased? Are they censored? The answer to both is yes," Vitz reports—but the liberals needn't stay awake nights worrying about it. What has been studiously censored in these textbooks is any reference to religion, along with "traditional family values and conservative political and economic positions." None of the elementary-school books mentions religion at all. The words "marriage," "wedding," "husband," and "wife" are all excluded. Even in high-school history texts, no coverage is given to either religious or business matters in the past century. In short, public-school children are dosed with liberal mind-rot daily, and their parents are taxed to pay for it.

☐ A pair of pediatricians in Cincinnati caution that baby powder may be dangerous if inhaled by an infant, and we're sure they mean well, but we simply are not going to start the new year worrying about baby powder.

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☐ If you have a hamster who needs exercise, especially if you are in England, do not buy "the cruelest toy this Christmas season," as the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and assorted animal-"rights" groups put it, to wit, a nifty little dragster powered by a hamster on a treadmill, neato, and all the hamsters interviewed just *love* it, and you should hear them squeal about their wheels, but no-no-no, not while the sun never sets on the British Empire will there be hamstermobiles, and maybe things are getting a bit effete over there?

☐ Tellink teenage girls to have goot sex mit der rhythm method—Doktor Rut, how *cout* you? Und givink der wrong week as "safe"! Ach du lieber, 115,000 whoopsies, 114,999 preggerses.

Gramm-Rudman and Greed

ABOUT GRAMM-RUDMAN two things have become clear. The first is that it seems likely to work, in the limited sense of actually producing the spending cuts it mandates. The big-spenders have suddenly lowered their voices. The law has relieved them of the temptation to shout "Scrooge" every time a dollar is saved. The prospect of the first mandated cut of $11 billion has provoked few complaints. A year ago it would have caused a cat fight. Even the *New York Times* has predicted that the new budget director, James Miller, is going to have an easier time cutting than his predecessor, David Stockman.

But it is clearer now than it was when the bill was still mutating that it is unconstitutional. Gramm-Rudman instructs the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) and the executive Office of Management and Budget (OMB) jointly to determine whether the deficit in a given year is likely to be higher than is permitted under the law. If so, the comptroller general, who is a servant of Congress, must prepare a list of spending cuts, half from defense, half from "unprotected" non-defense items, which cuts the President must implement. It is this feature—allowing an employee of Congress to mandate presidential actions—that makes the law unconstitutional. Were the list prepared by, say, the Secretary of the Treasury, the President would be in effect designing his own cuts: so to speak, retroactively vetoing appropriations. Yet such a scheme would amount to restoring the President's questionable impoundment authority, and this, Congress is unwilling to do.

The law is likely to work because of the very features that make it unconstitutional. The political purpose of the CBO-OMB-Comptroller General shuffle is to relieve Congress of the responsibility of passing realistic appropriations. The power of the purse is the most important power delegated by the people to Congress; Congress, eager to buy votes, is weary of its responsibility and wants to hand it over to the bureaucrats.

If Gramm-Rudman seems simultaneously imperative and unconstitutional, it is because the constitutional vision it violates has long since been abandoned. The Founders limited strictly the powers of the Federal Government and thereby its ability to redistribute wealth. They feared the rise of "factions," shifting coalitions of greed that would use a powerful government to enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow citizens. Today we call them special interests. They are not the products of PACs or "media politics" or any of the other concerns of the goo-goos. They are the inevitable result of turning the Federal Government into a Golden Goose. Until somebody kills it, it is going to keep laying eggs, or else—as is happening—collapse from exhaustion.

Qaddafi the Ridiculous

THE MAN is a sick joke but, unfortunately, lethal. President Reagan has now taken measured but also serious steps against the Libyan terrorist regime, in effect declaring economic war against it and warning the 1,500 or so Americans in Libya that this may soon become dangerous turf. Gorbachev will not want to fight a Mediterranean war, which he might lose, to protect this crackpot. We will soon know whether our European allies are serious about terrorism.

Qaddafi has made so many outrageous, contradictory, and comical statements since the terrorist attacks at the airports in Rome and Vienna that a comprehensive listing of them would consume this entire issue. In one week's time, Qaddafi and his spokesmen managed to exalt terrorism and condemn terrorism; deny that Libya supported terrorism and threaten to unleash it on American streets; categorically insist that the terrorist training camps known to exist in Libya do not exist; and discover a non-existent fleet of forty American warships in the Mediterranean on its way to attack Libya. All of this, mind you, delivered

After Teddy

I've started throwing bookends
  And slamming doors, but these
Exertions just raise lots of dust
  Or give the cat DTs.
Though friends suggest a cruise ship,
  The mountains, or a shrink,
Till some fat face takes Teddy's place,
  I'll make do with a drink.

W. H. VON DREELE

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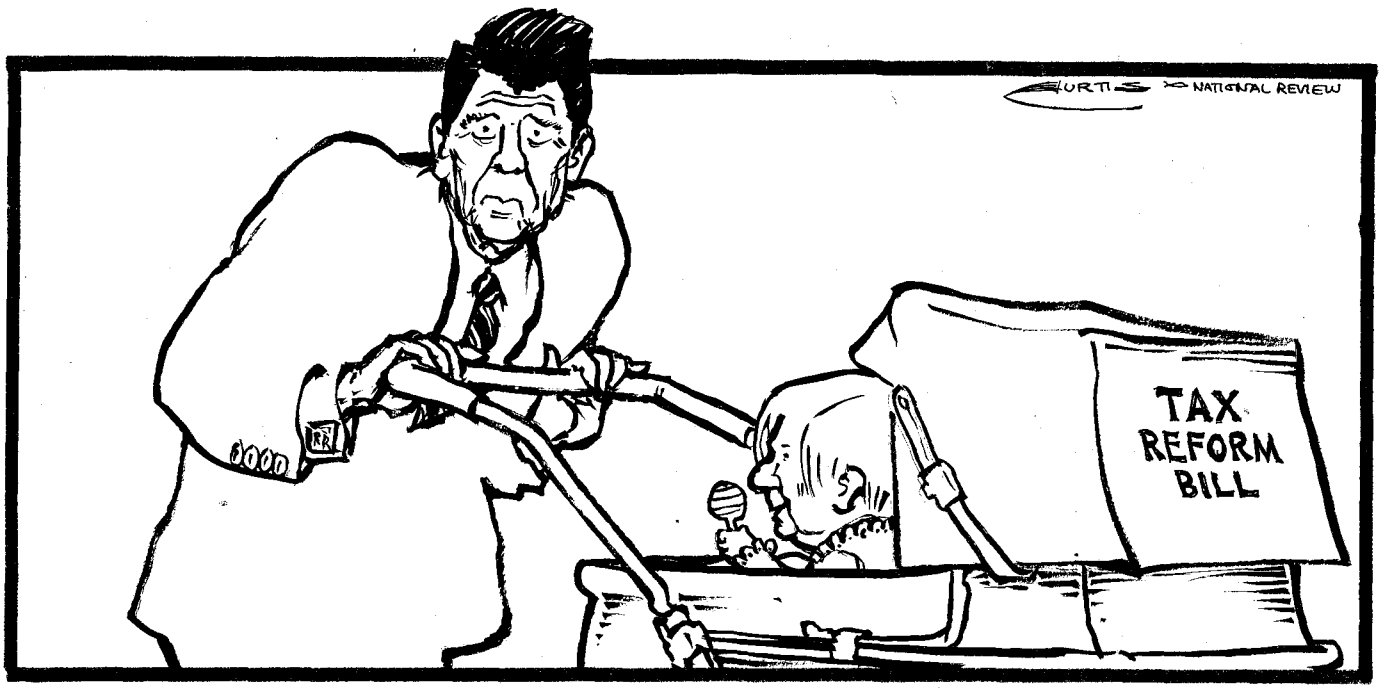

by Qaddafi in such dignified poses as seated atop a tractor, dressed in a salmon-colored cotton turban, a baby-blue jumpsuit, knee-high black boots, and tailored black leather gloves.

Qaddafi has become a parody of the madman bent on world rule. His insanity, however, much like Hitler's, does not preclude a certain combination of ruthlessness and shrewdness, which has enabled him to destabilize much of northern and central Africa, garner worldwide publicity far out of proportion to his real power or significance, and strike fear and indecision into the hearts of statesmen everywhere. Even the Israelis, normally unshaken by the threats of thugs, have been reluctant to retaliate against Qaddafi.

To what President Reagan has already announced, we add one further suggestion. The next time any major terrorist incident occurs anywhere in the world, retaliate massively against the training camps in Libya, on the grounds that whether the products of these camps were directly guilty or not, fostering and training terrorists of any kind feeds the phenomenon of terrorism worldwide. Then, if Qaddafi wants to retaliate "on American streets," let him know that any such response will result in an American attack aimed not to punish, but to eliminate, his regime. There are limits to the toleration of dangerous fools.

Nicaragua's Descent

NICARAGUA DESCENDS, ever more surely, into the abyss of totalitarian rule. Last October, the Sandinista government issued an emergency decree suspending constitutional rights to freedom of assembly and speech, the organizing of workers, and the appeal of judicial decisions. It stripped away all protection against unreasonable detention, residential searches, and the monitoring of personal mail. The Sandinistas also took the one step that most clearly divides traditional autocratic regimes from their totalitarian Big Brothers: They eliminated the right to travel abroad, turning Nicaragua into the kind of countrywide prison we are familiar with from the Communist East.

Since the emergency decree was issued, the regime has closed down a Catholic radio station (for failing to broadcast Ortega's year-end address) and a trade-union magazine (allegedly for want of sufficient censors). It has warned other periodicals to cease publication, has tightened all forms of censorship, and has intensified its campaign against the Church. All of this, in case you are unfamiliar with the lingo, is known as "safeguarding the gains of the revolution" and "defending the workers' state."

Needless to say, if any of these crimes had been committed by a pro-American regime the liberal media would have gone ballistic, bonkers, and bananas. But the fact that the average Filipino or even black South African enjoys far more rights and liberties than the average Nicaraguan seems not to penetrate the consciousness, much less the conscience, of the American Left.

Faced with the establishment of a second Cuba in the hemisphere, the Reagan Administration knows that 1986 will be a crucial year of decision on Nicaragua. Elliott Abrams, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, has described the choices facing the Administration: "Either we give the support that the Nicaraguan democratic opposition needs or there are two other ways to go. You can use American military force, which is the last thing we wish to do, or you can surrender." Surrender, that is, in the sense of acquiescing in the ongoing subversion of Latin America by Managua and Havana. Evidence that Nicaragua was supporting the guerrillas who attacked Colombia's Palace of Justice last November has made Nicaraguan-exported revolution a burning issue for the

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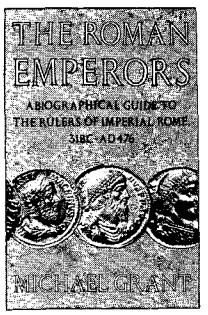

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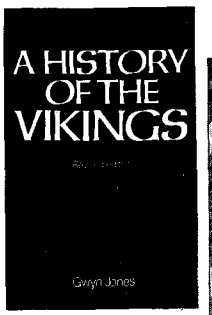

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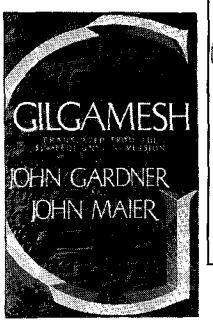

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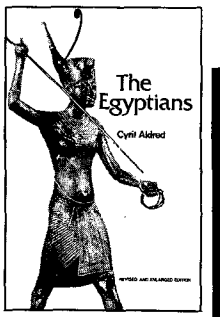

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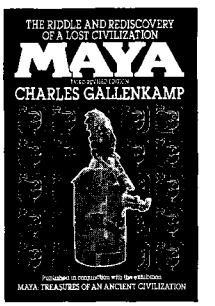

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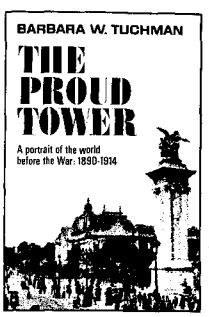

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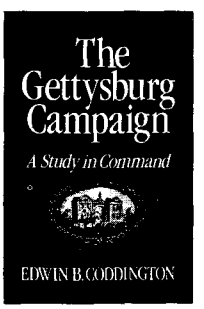

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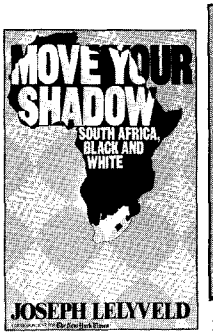

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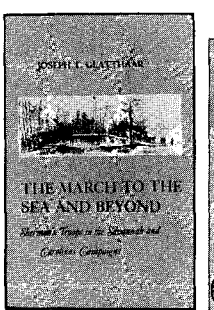

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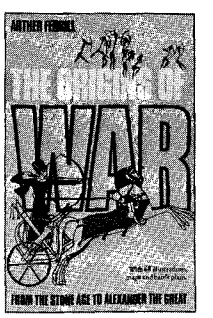

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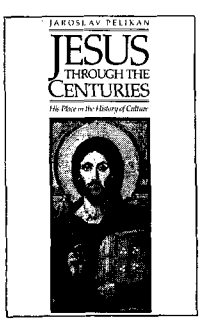

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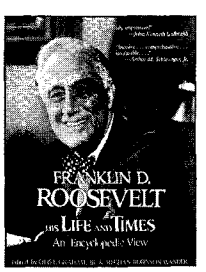

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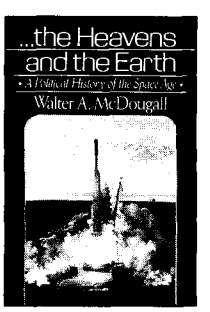

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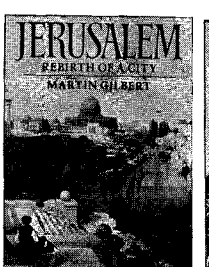

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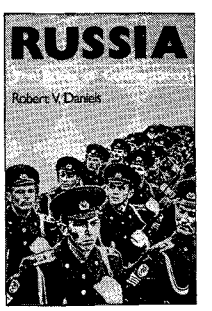

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Contadora countries of Latin America, as much as for Washington.

While a U.S. invasion of Nicaragua would be an enormously bloody and costly affair, it would perhaps be less costly in the long run than the whirlwind we will reap if the Sandinista government is permitted to continue sowing seeds of violent revolution in the hemisphere. If supporting the *Contras* is the only other alternative, and if they can be made a viable political and military force, then it is high time to make assisting them our number-one foreign-policy priority.

Horses, Dark and Otherwise

TWO SERIOUS Democratic politicians—Geraldine Ferraro does not count—have laid out their long-range plans. Edward Kennedy will forgo a presidential race in 1988, so as to devote full time to his legislative and political agenda: "to put aside complacency and the appeals to narrow interests, to care about one another, even the least among us" (. . . to get a new speechwriter). Gary Hart will forgo a senatorial race in 1986, the better to pursue *his* agenda, which is to run for President. (He didn't quite say that, declaring only that it was time "to express my commitment to our state and our nation in other ways, and perhaps on a further horizon.")

Yes, it is that time again. The Michigan Republican precinct caucuses are only seven months away, and already every political columnist has drawn up an elaborate chart (if not several of them) of front-runners, mid-runners, and even dark horses. The worthlessness of most of these exercises is that they proceed in a strategic vacuum. One can reel off the names of second-rate politicians endlessly. But sensible guessing, even of long shots, has to be based on an understanding of a party's, and the nation's, dynamics.

If the Democratic Party decides to tack to the right, then its race becomes truly wide open. Though the right feint is the only means by which Democratic presidential candidates have managed to win more than 43 per cent of the vote in any of the last four elections, the party is structurally hostile to the maneuver. The dark horse in such a scenario could be anyone; in 1976, it was. If the party remains true to itself, the likeliest long shot is Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware. Biden is a remote prospect because he represents a tiny state and because insiders know him to be flighty and eccentric. He is a prospect because he is a true believer, and proud of it, and because he is the best white speaker the party has. (Sorry, Mario.)

For the Republican Party, there is only one scenario: The nominee must be acceptable to conservatives. As of now, the likeliest dark horses remain Jeane Kirkpatrick and Lewis Lehrman. Their acceptability is obvious; their darkness is due to the fact that neither of them, by 1988, will have held elective office—a qualification of every civilian presidential candidate in American history save Wendell Willkie and Horace Greeley, who are hardly role models.

Any bets placed on the basis of this tip sheet are not recoverable.

And Now the Methodists

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC bishops, by issuing asinine statements about nuclear weapons and about the economy, have succeeded in making it difficult for many Catholics to attend Mass in good conscience. Now it is the turn of the Methodist bishops to don the cap and bells.

The bishops have drawn up and circulated a draft pastoral that is expected to be adopted this spring. It condemns nuclear weapons absolutely: "The Creation itself is under attack." Well, since the weapons are so dangerous, do the Methodist bishops embrace SDI? That would seem a logical thing to do. But no. They also call for a ban on "all space weapons," the same formulation used by Mr. Gorbachev and other Soviet spokesmen.

Now it is unlikely, to put it mildly, that the views of the Methodist bishops will be found persuasive by the Politburo. To the extent that they have any influence at all, the effect of their statements can only be to weaken the resolve of the United States to defend itself in the real world.

The repeated mindless and irresponsible pronouncements by so many leading ecclesiastics make the question at least discussable of whether a significant element of organized Christianity nowadays is not a subversive force, one that is objectively on the side of slavery. Mr. Nietzsche, please call your office.

Mitterrand's Polish Guest

THOUGH THE dust has settled on the issue, it is interesting to ask why President Mitterrand invited General Jaruzelski, the symbol and instrument of oppression in Poland, to visit him in Paris as though Jaruzelski were a respectable head of state. The official reason—that Mitterrand wanted to urge the cause of human rights on his Polish guest—is simply not credible, and the episode caused a considerable row in France, especially among the ranks of Mitterrand's Socialist supporters. His prime minister, Laurent Fabius, went so far as to threaten publicly to resign.

There is no obvious answer. French public opinion, for sentimental reasons, has always been close to Poland, and the Socialists themselves have been loud in their talk of workers' rights in other countries. They have roundly denounced the suppression of the Solidarity movement and were naturally deeply angered by Jaruzelski's visit to their titular and political chief.

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The episode has been written off as a strange gaffe proceeding from a suspension of judgment on Mitterrand's part.

But the French president is nothing if not a thinking and plotting politician. So some French people are saying that his highly unusual public quarrel with the prime minister was provoked partly on purpose. France will re-elect its National Assembly this year and is expected to return a right-wing or right-leaning majority. Mitterrand has vowed to remain in office even if there is an opposition parliament, a difficult, but legal, thing to do. This quarrel with the prime minister was therefore, on this reading, intended to show everyone that the president can live with political enemies, even in the bosom of his government.

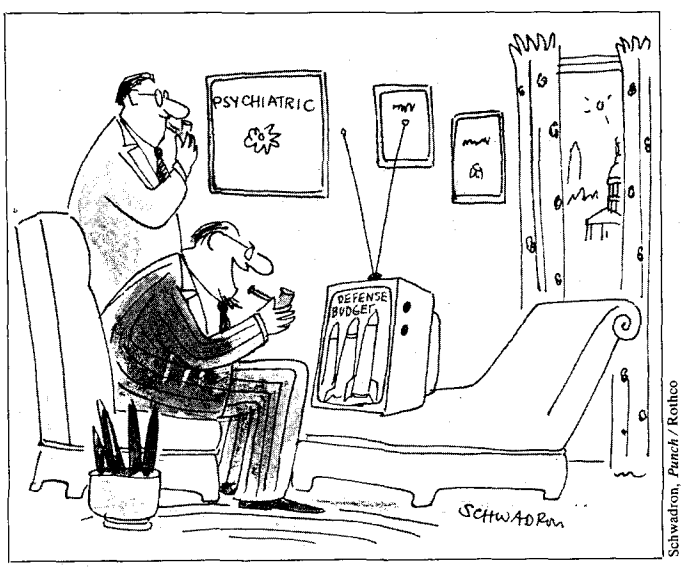
Memo to Benno: Lay Off the Lit

BENNO SCHMIDT, Yale's next president, could begin his tenure by disencumbering himself from one of the more embarrassing legacies of A. Bartlett Giamatti, his predecessor—the vendetta against the *Yale Literary Magazine*.

The *Lit*, as we have noted in these pages, was bought in 1978 in good faith by Andrei Navrozov, Yale '78, a Russian émigré. Yale, in not-so-good faith, extracted from him an agreement to abide by undergraduate regulations; then changed the regulations so as to invalidate, ex post facto, his stewardship. The legal issues are complex, and the various law suits have been dragging on for two and a half years. Yale won a first round, but the Connecticut Supreme Court has agreed to hear the *Lit*'s appeal. The *Lit* has also filed a federal suit.

Worse is the spectacle of the whole thing. Navrozov took a publication nobody wanted (he picked it up for a dollar) and transformed it—whereupon other people promptly wanted it. Giamatti was snookered into action by a typically petty academic cabal (at one point, a professor's daughter wanted to be editor). Navrozov's conservatism—he published Richard Brookhiser, Ralph de Toledano, Otto Scott, Russian dissidents—didn't help. What Yale can't quite get in court, it is winning at the bank; for its last issue, the *Lit* had no money to pay the printers.

Bart Giamatti is an intelligent scholar and a hard-nosed administrator who nevertheless took a number of pratfalls. He refused to let the Yale Glee Club sing in support of Solidarity (too "political"); made an unbalanced attack on Jerry Falwell. The *Lit* feud is his one error that threatens to go on and on. President Schmidt should give it a rest.



Schwadron, *Punch*/Rothco

"Instead of the billions spent on defense, think of the money we could make if we got all those paranoids into therapy."

Destination Libya

As Rome revives and Viennese
X-ray each handbag and valise,
A Russian cargo vessel sails,
Awash with missiles at the rails,
To give the Loony One a lift.
They make a dandy New Year's gift.

W. H. VON DREELE

Michael Mooney, RIP

NOT LONG after NATIONAL REVIEW was launched, a young, blond, exuberant man entered our life and, after serving as a director of the corporation, proposed himself as Advertising Manager. This surprised us, as Mike Mooney thought himself inclined to writing, rather than to selling. But he was the original enthusiast. He had won an Olympic gold medal as a sailor, while a student at Princeton. His father had served briefly during the war as president of General Motors, and Mike said he was sure he had inherited some skills in the commercial world.

He was with us for five years. And then, suddenly, everything went wrong. Returning from a quick trip to Europe back in the days when evidence of a smallpox vaccination was required, Mike looked into the shambles of his briefcase and said he couldn't find his—what the hell, shoot him again. This was done, and a few days later he was near death. He recovered, but as a semi-paraplegic. At that moment, his wife left him. He remarried—unhappily—and then married again. His life as a sportsman was ended.

But another had begun, and Mike Mooney became a prolific writer of books and articles. Best remembered was *The Hindenburg*, in which he advanced the thesis

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that the famous dirigible was the object of sabotage. George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft starred in a hit movie based on this book. He became Washington editor of *Harper's* magazine, a telling critic of the disbursements of the National Endowments for the Arts and for the Humanities (*The Ministry of Culture*), and a freelance syndicator (he formed Network News). He was an adjunct professor at Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service when, a month ago, he died of cancer.

After tragedy struck him down in the early Sixties, he cut off his old ties, consciously building a new life, and a new career. But no one who experienced Mike Mooney will forget him.

Philip Larkin, R I P

FOR ABOUT forty years, beginning about 1920, British writers often felt like outsiders to their own literature. The dominant forces in works written in the English language were not British but rather American and Irish: the High Modernists Eliot, Joyce, Pound, Yeats, Stevens. Some British writers, such as Charles Tomlinson, successfully fused the High Modernist mode with Britishness, but this was widely felt to be an uncomfortable liaison. It was not until the later 1950s, partly through the example of Robert Graves, that British poetry got over the great modernists and, with a sigh of relief, returned to its familiar provincialism. The French, the Americans, the Irish, Pound, Laforgue, and all the rest of it could go to hell.

Philip Larkin was central to this recovery of a local Britishness, and to a recovery of British poetic self-confidence. He dared to be minor, and the British loved it. Larkin in his *œuvre* may be compared to the American poet John Crowe Ransom. Both produced a very small quantity of exquisitely crafted poetry; both wrote in determinedly traditional verse forms; both were much occupied with the subject of death; and both were intensely private, even reclusive individuals. Eliot identified himself with Dante; Joyce and Pound, with Homer; Crane, with Columbus and Whitman. Larkin was, contentedly, a librarian.

When John Betjeman died there was much talk of Larkin succeeding him as poet laureate. "I dream about that sometimes," Larkin told Kingsley Amis, "and wake up screaming. With any luck they'll pass me over." The idea of the poet-laureateship was reinvented by Petrarch during the Renaissance; he had himself crowned at the Capitol. It was consciously connected with the idea of empire. Ben Jonson was the first English poet laureate and a symbol of England's imperial aspirations as the New World was being colonized. Larkin was acutely aware of all the respects in which, for him and for today's England, the idea of a poet laureate was preposterous.

He published three slim books of poetry, one about every ten years: *The Less Deceived* (1955), *The Whitsun Weddings* (1964), and *High Windows* (1974). He wrote with more than enough authority to give back to English poetry a British voice that High Modernism had rendered marginal.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

I think you'll enjoy Mona Charen's memo to Pat Buchanan, enclosed.

Memorandum for: Pat Buchanan
From: Mona Charen
Subject: *NR*'s 30th Anniversary Dinner

I'm asking for a perk.

As you know, my first job out of college was at NATIONAL REVIEW. When I joined the editorial staff in 1979, Carter was in the White House, inflation was running at about 17 per cent, our national defense and international prestige were both at all-time lows, and SAT scores were falling.

By the time I left the staff in 1981, SAT scores were on the rise, inflation was down around 9 per cent, our national defense was being restored, and Ronald Reagan was in the White House.

I never asked for any thanks. It's just not my way. All I want is a seat on Air Force One when the President flies up to New York to attend *NR*'s 30th Anniversary Dinner.

Thank you.

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

It might be useful to let our readers and contributors know how various jobs will be allocated now that I'm stepping down as Managing Editor.

Chilton Williamson will continue as Book Editor and should be contacted on anything having to do with the back of the book. His New York assistant is Catherine Shea.

Richard Vigilante will continue as Article Editor; address all queries on article ideas and all freelance manuscripts to him.

Linda Bridges, the new Executive Editor, will be in charge of the Editorial Department, which is more important internally than externally.

Richard Brookhiser will be the new Managing Editor and get all queries about everything else. He will be in charge on a day-to-day basis.

I will continue to put together the Help!!! spread,

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so cartoonists should continue to address their contributions to me.

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: Henry Klingeman

You will be interested in the stirring account of your collision with Allard Lowenstein in 1961. See enclosed book [*Lowenstein, Acts of Courage and Belief*, edited by Gregory Stone and Douglas Lowenstein, Harcourt Brace, New York, 1985], pp. 335 et seq.

[Excerpts from "Recollections from Youth," by Gregory Craig:]

I think I first really "saw" Al while I was a student at Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, age 16. I remember spotting the notice on the bulletin board announcing that William F. Buckley Jr. would debate Allard K. Lowenstein, "a lawyer from New York City," about the House Un-American Activities Committee and *Operation Abolition*, a film about the student demonstrations against HUAC in San Francisco . . . We had discussions in the dining hall about the upcoming debate. Everyone had heard of William F. Buckley Jr., but who was this New York lawyer, Allard K. Lowenstein, and why was he, of all people, the one who would be debating Buckley?

. . . The room filled to overflowing . . . I was genuinely surprised at how unprepossessing Al appeared. I began to tremble for him as I watched him hunched in his armchair up on the stage. Buckley would make mincemeat of him. Al would be humiliated. He would probably be too ashamed to stay around to say hello to his friends after the debate. . . .

After the film, the house lights remained down, and the rostrum was lit with bright spotlights. Buckley walked to the podium, red rose in lapel, bathed in warm, welcoming applause. It is my recollection that the people in the audience did not share Buckley's politics, but were really there to observe the performance of a master debater, much the way Spaniards would crowd into the bullring to watch El Cordobés dispatch the bull. Not so many people had heard of Buckley then (1961), but his reputation among those who knew him was not very different from what it is today. Then, however, he was younger, more aggressive, and still a phenomenon. But the audience—me included—had never seen Buckley perform before, and the Buckley style cut through that room like a rapier. He was arrogant, condescending, outrageous, witty, brilliant, biting, literary, arch, caustic, all of these and more. He curved his back and swept up onto his tiptoes, hands gripping the sides of the podium, nose and chin lifted high, patronizing, supremely confident. On his toes he swayed slowly from side to side like a cobra, hypnotizing the audience, choosing his time to strike, to pierce, to paralyze. He was, in short, absolutely terrifying.

Al followed. He padded up to the microphone in a baggy suit, a complete and utter unknown to all of the people in the audience. He leaned on the rostrum, took off those heavy glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose. The audience was deathly still. I was embarrassed for him. He was not the most elegant or dashing champion in the world. He was so homely, he was so rumpled, he seemed so terribly unorganized, he was the last person in the world one would actually choose to do battle with the Buckley dragon. He began to speak, and I held my breath. Maybe it was going to be all right. In fact, it was going to be terrific.

The ugly duckling took flight and began to soar like an eagle. He started slowly, circling upward almost lazily, gaining altitude, bringing the audience along almost effortlessly. He then picked up speed and started to cover ground. His speech developed a rhythm, gaining power and volume and force slowly, moving faster and faster, building, building, building, and then crashing through to irrefutable conclusions. Then, a pause, a joke, a quip, and he would start over again. . . . His words swept over the audience like an avalanche. They came so fast, you had little time to savor them. . . . He met Buckley's satire with his own. His wit was just as quick. But Al was never arrogant, never pompous. He was, however, often hilariously funny. Al was everything you ever wanted a speaker to be without once losing his dignity or his composure or his control. And when people finally stood and applauded for him (and for Buckley) I could scarcely restrain the tears. I had an honest-to-God hero—and he was also my friend.

Dear Henry: That is *certainly* a stirring account. I wish I had been there. You see, I have never been to Phillips Exeter, I never debated Al Lowenstein on the subject of HUAC, and I never wore a red rose in my lapel, though of course I have no objection to red roses, unless they are grown in the gardens of the Hollywood Ten the good old House Committee on Un-American Activities skewed, God bless it! Cordially,
Bill

☐ Dear Bill:

Re: John C. MacLean's "book," *In Search of* NATIONAL REVIEW *at Harvard.*

As an undergraduate in 1965, I requested that the Lamont Library subscribe to *NR*. The response, in those times, was not "wind and piss"; I suffered a full gale of hostility and horseshit.

When I offered to buy the subscription out of my own allowance I made the Faculty Club's enemy list and dartboard.

I borrowed a "Lamont Library" stamp and inserted store-bought copies on the "Journals of Opinion" shelf. They were confiscated and presumably shredded and burned.

The caciques' running dogs were vicious then, and all was well protected.

I am not surprised to find the faculty still "asleep," and am inclined now to agree with you. Let them remain at peace.

Best regards,
Paul Fremont-Smith Jr.
Auburn, Me.

—WFB

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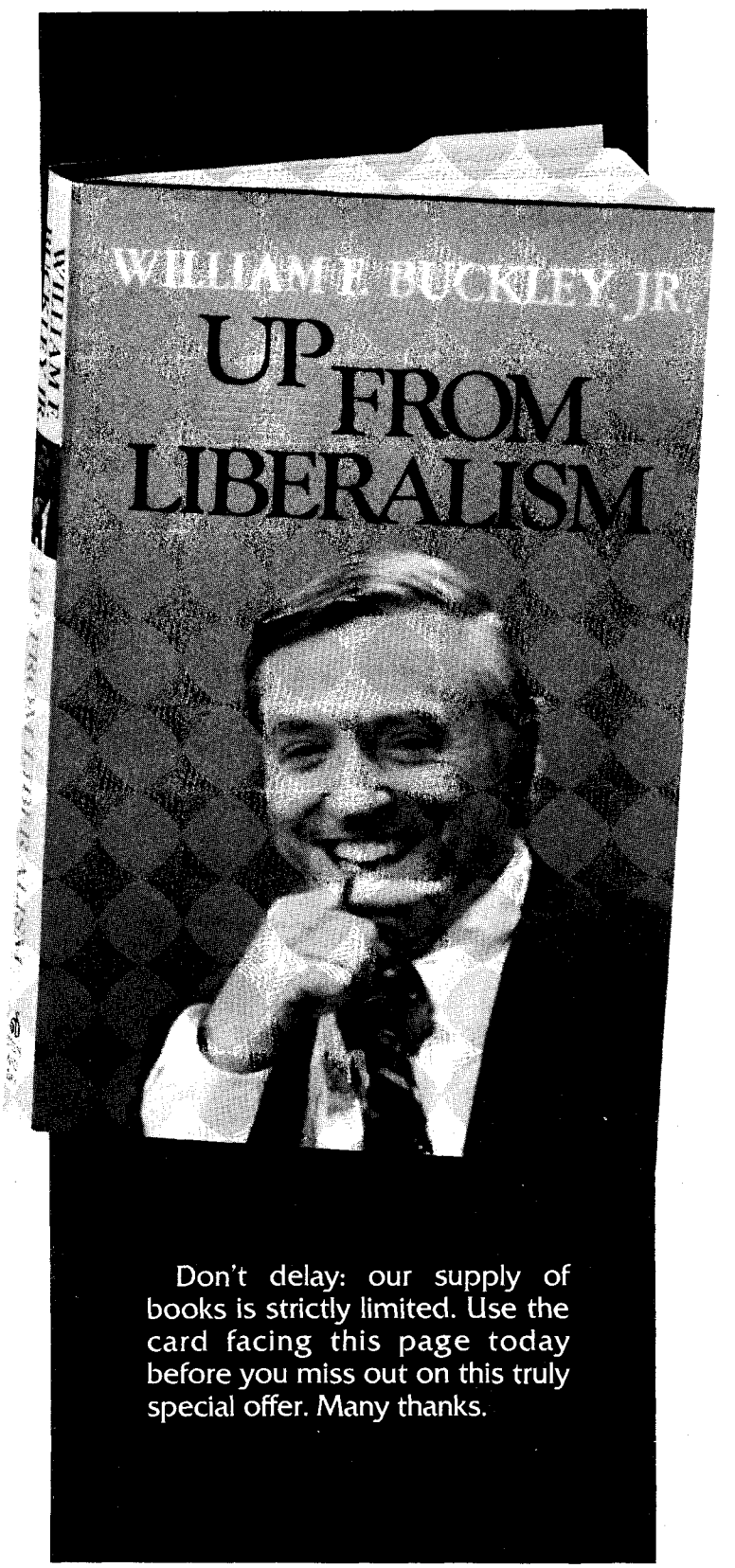

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LOOKING THE OTHER WAY

JONATHAN POLLARD was commissioned by Israel to spy on the United States for one reason, say some on the Hill: to ascertain whether Washington believed the rumor that South Africa had exploded a nuclear bomb off its coast a few years ago as a test for its friend and ally, Israel. After all, Israel has all the other intelligence from the U.S. that it needs. "If Washington discovered this South African favor for Israel," notes an informed Washington source, "and it were publicized, the effect on U.S. aid to Israel would be devastating." This report of Israeli-South African nuclear collusion continues to surface among Washington insiders, but so far no one has been able to say whether it is true.

True or not, as winter settles in over the nation's capital, the U.S.-Israel tie is being scrutinized as it has never been before. The arrests of spy suspects Jonathan Jay Pollard and his wife, Anne Henderson-Pollard, have spurred legislators and Middle East observers alike to assess the impact on a close relationship of nearly forty years' standing.

Opinion on Capitol Hill is split. "The damage is minimal," says Senator Rudy Boschwitz (R., Minn.), who is Jewish and one of Israel's staunchest friends in Washington. "It won't affect the United States' relationship with Israel at all. We've had many years of good relations, and one incident isn't going to spoil that." Senator Pat Leahy (D., Vt.), ranking member of the Intelligence Committee, thinks differently. "Unless this spy case is resolved soon, it could poison the U.S.-Israeli relationship," says Leahy.

The National Association of Arab-Americans is the toughest of all here. "We've only seen the tip of the iceberg," says executive director David Sadd. "American officials have been aware of Israeli espionage in this country for a long time," he contends, "but they look the other way because it's unpopular to appear anti-Israel." Once the details of the Pollard case surface, asserts Sadd, the Washington-Tel Aviv relationship will become "more proper," by which he means that Washington will cease ignoring Israel's tendency to stray from verbal agreements with the United States.

Wishful thinking at best, say insiders. On matters of national security, the U.S. simply cannot rely on Arab nations as intelligence sources: Their leaders are too unpredictable, their policies too erratic, their governments too unstable. The U.S. is, in a sense, captive to the one nation in the Middle East that has a semi-orderly parliamentary government and sophisticated, highly successful military and intelligence operations. In addition, a powerful, well-organized pro-Israel lobby, and a Congress and President committed to keeping the U.S. strong, suggest that the U.S.-Israel alliance will remain intact when the spy squall ends.

Indeed, the Reagan years have seen economic and intelligence ties between the U.S. and Israel knit tight. Those ties are not now in jeopardy, but they have been frayed. In mid-December, U.S. customs officials raided three factories in a probe of Israel's acquisition of U.S. weapons technology. The investigation has not revealed any wrongdoing on Israel's part thus far, but the Israeli government is angry and embarrassed. Some think the incident signals that elements hostile to Israel may be exploiting the Pollard affair to weaken the bond between the two nations.

Clearly, both governments want to clear up the contretemps as quickly as possible. The Israeli government apologized for espionage activities "to the extent that they took place," and Secretary of State Shultz accepted the modified apology. Israel has cooperated with the joint State-Justice investigation team and has quietly returned the documents purloined by Pollard. Prime Minister Shimon Peres ordered the permanent closing of Lekem offices (Israel's data- and intelligence-gathering units) in Boston, New York, Washington, and Los Angeles.

Israel's possession of the stolen documents violates a gentleman's agreement that it will not engage in covert intelligence activities here, nor we there. Once the U.S. investigation is complete and the report filed (mid-January), relations between the two countries will have a different tone.

THIS NEW TONE does not necessarily mean coolness or distance. Rather, the events of recent weeks could be turned to mutual advantage if the two allies sign a formal defense pact, an idea that has resurfaced in Washington of late. The pact would ensure stiff penalties against those who collect intelligence illegally. Without such a pact, some believe, suspicion would linger, and that would mean less U.S.-Israeli knowledge about terrorist operations, Soviet military power, and Arab politics.

Besides regularizing intelligence operations, such an agreement would "cleanse ambiguities from the U.S. role in the Mideast," says an Israeli-American journalist who divides his time between Washington and Tel Aviv. Further, a published security pact would fortify both Israel's confidence in its ability to resist external threat and its willingness to run more risks for peace.

But don't move to Elath and its balmy waters on the expectation of a U.S. security blanket over Israel. Remember that a pact of this kind would ban Israeli engagement in unilateral military action—like taking out the Osiris reactor in Baghdad or Arafat's headquarters near Tunis—without prior consultation with the United States. Fat chance of the Israelis tolerating that. So this idea will probably disappear like the Cheshire cat. □

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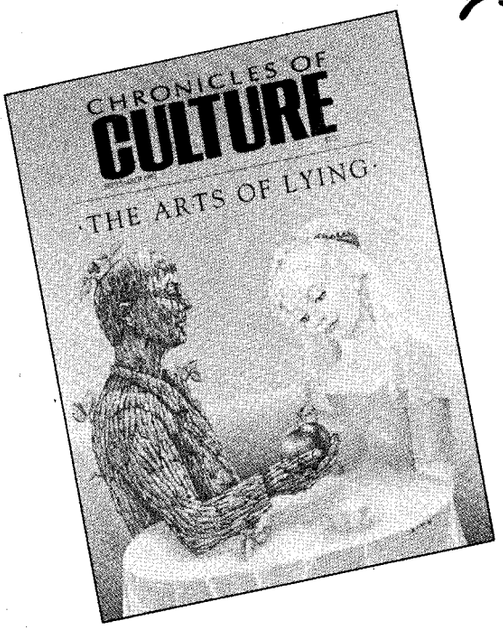

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POST-SUMMIT OPTIMISM

EVEN FOR A journalist, as distinct from a historian, late can be not merely better than never, but better than early, where evaluation is concerned. Back at my London base after briefings in Washington, D.C., I am more optimistic than I expected to be about the Reagan-Gorbachev Summit in Geneva.

I am struck by the healthy contrast between the Geneva Summit of July 1955 (which I covered for *The Economist*) and the 1985 one. Healthy in more ways than one. Thirty years ago, in a quaint survival of the recent world war, the Summit was labeled a meeting of the "Big Four," although some were distinctly bigger than others. Indeed there was a case for calling the participants the "Big Five," for it was still not clear whether Premier Bulganin or First Secretary Khrushchev was the Soviets' Number One.

The most important difference by far, though, was the fact that Geneva 1955 was an unabashed propaganda show on both sides with nothing so serious as private discussions to mar the show-biz atmosphere; whereas Reagan and Gorbachev had nearly five hours (divide by two for interpreting) of private talks, with a very healthy news blackout to mark the point.

I am persuaded that the President made the best possible use of his private time with Gorbachev. To remind *NR* readers, in the July 26 issue I suggested that the forthcoming Summit could be valuable if the President used the opportunity of a secret session with Gorbachev to warn him off any further expansionism.

Well, it does seem as though President Reagan did just that; although, being a naturally courteous man, he appears to have put his warning in the shape of a specific prophecy of failure. Never again would the Soviets succeed in installing a repressive regime or in keeping an existing one in power. The U.S., moreover, would always support any local resistance force fighting for freedom—a pledge that can now legally be fulfilled, following the repeal of the absurd Clark Amendment banning U.S. intervention in Angola.

What all this amounted to was, of course, a reaffirmation of the Reagan Doctrine by its originator. Will Gorbachev heed the implicit warning? We shall have to wait and see.

A Reaganism seems worth recording. While America was being opened up and the frontiers were being pushed westward, said the President, many innocent lives were lost. To put a stop to this by-product of the pioneering days, it was necessary to pass laws and enforce them. Today, the threat of nuclear war hangs over mankind. It is an imperative duty to remove this threat, and SDI offers the best means.

Although Mikhail Gorbachev had his share of favorable publicity, he did make concessions in two areas in which there was no reason to suppose that concessions would be forthcoming. One was the Strategic Defense Initiative. Gorbachev was on record as saying that no progress was possible on arms control unless the President gave up the SDI program. Yet Gorbachev left Geneva having at least tacitly withdrawn his condition.

The other concession was over chemical weapons. At Geneva last year, when Vice President Bush raised the issue, the Soviets didn't want to listen. This time, they supported a general and complete prohibition of such weapons and the destruction of existing stocks. The most surprising aspect of this public commitment is that if there is one area of weaponry in which the Soviets have an undeniable lead, it is this one. Whether or not this declaration of intent is followed on either side by action (and verifiable action in a murky area), the fact is that the Soviets are now on record as having said what they did.

If 1985 was the year of the Summit, it was also a year of missed opportunities in southern Africa. The indefensible Anglo-American policy of aid to Samora Machel's Communist government in Mozambique continues, in irresponsible disregard of the fact that it is incompatible with the policy of aid for resistance forces fighting for freedom.

It is now an open secret that "covert" military aid from the U.S. is at last reaching Jonas Savimbi's UNITA forces in Angola. For some reason, the State Department finds it easier to pursue negotiations with the Communist MPLA government in Luanda if such aid is labeled "covert," even if everybody knows it is being sent.

IT WILL BE interesting to see whether the President's firm expression of his policy at Geneva is followed by determined action in southern Africa. In Angola and in Mozambique, the traditionalists of the State Department and the British Foreign Office, respectively, are involved in diplomatic exercises that totally ignore the lessons of postwar history. Communists negotiate only as a means of achieving at the conference table a victory that has not quite been achieved on the battlefield. Aid to UNITA ought to be aimed at putting Savimbi in an unassailable position, so that *he* can dictate surrender terms.

The British on their side should be cured of their illusory belief that good relations with Zimbabwe and Tanzania are more important than the defeat of Communism in Mozambique. Zimbabwe and Tanzania both have sent forces to Mozambique to fight on the Communist side. Tanzania is a miserable socialist anti-paradise. Zimbabwe's Robert Mugabe has lately been feted in Moscow, where he concluded far-reaching arrangements.

Whose side are we on, anyway? Enough said? □

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DOUBLEDAY

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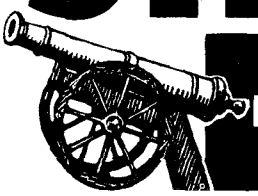
SPACE-SHIELD UPDATE:

LEWIS LEHRMAN AND GREGORY A. FOSSEDAL

How To Decide About STRATEGIC DEFENSE



THE IDEA of a "space shield," a largely space-based defense against nuclear attack, was unknown to most Americans before President Reagan tentatively endorsed it in a speech in March 1983. Yet the debate over the space shield, quickened by the fires of presidential politics in 1984, has been so fierce that the argument has already gone through several generations. In the first round, going back several years before the Reagan speech, strategic-defense advocates mostly concerned themselves with selling the basic strategic concept: that defense could enhance deterrence while holding out the hope of making nuclear missiles obsolete, whereas mutual assured destruction (MAD) obliged us constantly to expand our nuclear arsenal merely to maintain the balance of terror. Some advocates, notably Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham—head of the High Frontier project, which launched SDI's public career—did make specific suggestions about the outlines of a feasible strategic defense. And the Defense Department had been engaged for some years in research aimed at producing usable strategic-defense weapons. But, for the most part, in the eyes of SDI advocates SDI was a strategic concept, not a system.

Nevertheless, as the concept was publicized, it was subjected to an intimidating storm of highly specific, if also scattershot, criticisms by a number of scientists. Some of these scientists were clearly politically motivated, some sincere. But they had a common approach, which was to find concrete weaknesses (laser satellites wouldn't be powerful enough, ICBMs could be protected, computers smart enough to aim space weapons couldn't be built, etc.) in defense systems that did not yet exist even on a drawing board, unless on the drawing boards of the critics.

SDI advocates counterattacked—Robert Jastrow was a standout here—showing many of the criticisms to be ill-considered or irrelevant. And the technology itself has advanced, outrunning some of the criticisms. But as potential SDI technologies have matured and as a consensus on the probable shape of a first-generation defense has begun to emerge, there have been more specifics for the critics to criticize, and it has become even more difficult for the layman to assess whether SDI is a sound idea or a hopeless boondoggle. The SDI debate has threatened to deteriorate into a blinding blizzard of technical criticisms and countercharges that exclude the lay citizen from one of the most pressing public decisions of the century. Yet the decision whether to go beyond mere research must be made soon, probably this year. If SDI is feasible and we do not go forward soon, the Soviets could deploy a defense before we do, achieving world domination with their unanswered system. This, then, is the time to ask what the several years of debate have taught us about the feasibility, and advisability, of strategic defense.

The first and most important issue is: Is the need to switch to a defensive strategy pressing enough to justify the potential risks? The present system of offensive deterrence—MAD—has forestalled nuclear conflict for forty years. Indeed, it could be argued that MAD has averted the conventional superpower conflict that would probably have erupted without its balance of terror. Perhaps, but those who make this argument ignore the hidden corollary: The balance of terror "balanced" the Soviet Union, a regional power with no genuine allies, and few allies of any sort beyond Eurasia, into superpower status. It is precisely the possibility of mutual destruction, combined with the Soviets' reputation for indifference to the suffering of their own people, that has made the USSR the strategic equal of the numerically, geographically, economically, and technologically superior West. It was MAD, largely, that froze the West into inaction as the Russians expanded into Cuba, Central America, Africa, and the Middle East.

MAD, moreover, has been deteriorating since the advent of the high-accuracy ICBM capable of destroying enemy missiles in their silos. In the days of bombers and low-accuracy, low-payload missiles, there was little doubt that in the event of a first strike, a substantial portion of the defender's nuclear arsenal would survive well after the attack was confirmed, assuring a counterattack. MAD had some credibility because mutual destruction really was as-

Mr. Lehrman is chairman of Citizens for America. Mr. Fossedal is currently a fellow of the Hoover Institution. Both have written extensively on strategic defense for such publications as the New York Times, *the* Wall Street Journal, Policy Review, *and* The American Spectator.

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sured. Neither side had a true first-strike capability, the capability to destroy the other's offensive arsenal on the ground.

With the advent of the high-accuracy, high-payload ICBM, the first strike became a theoretically attainable goal, against which the only defense was to multiply targets, i.e., more ICBMs. In one sense the freezeniks are right. The arms race is fiercer, more frightening, and potentially more destabilizing than it was twenty years ago. When multiplying targets is the only way to sustain deterrence, the arms-race treadmill accelerates. In the current environment, two terms under a negligent President could give the Soviets enough of a lead to tempt them into a first strike. Indeed, the current situation is dangerously tempting. The Soviets admit to having six thousand ICBM-borne warheads. In addition, by cheating on the SALT treaties they seem to have amassed from 2,500 to five thousand additional ICBM-launchable warheads. Add 2,500 submarine-based warheads and 1,500 on top of intermediate-range missiles aimed at Europe, and the Soviet attack force numbers between 12,000 and 15,000 warheads, according to a 1985 National Intelligence Estimate. The Soviets are adding to the total every year.

Sinking Submarines

THE U.S. HAS ten thousand warheads of its own, but this does not mean the Soviets would have to hit ten thousand targets. The warheads are packed into a much smaller number of missiles, bombers, and submarines, so that the entire deterrent arsenal of the United States and Europe—air bases, missile silos, submarines, and command and control centers—is contained in about four thousand targets. The Soviets need only two or three warheads to attack a target with confidence. The arithmetic is not reassuring.

The standard response to this arithmetic is that no matter how many accurate ICBMs the Soviets acquire, two legs of our deterrent triad, our missile submarines and our bombers, remain invulnerable. The subs are hidden at sea, and some of the bombers are on alert at all times. In reality, however, both subs and bombers look like losers in an accelerating race of technologies.

A submarine isn't invisible. It leaves a number of signatures as it travels through the water. Disturbances in the ocean's internal waves, manifested on the surface, are the most apparent, and can be read by synthetic aperture radar already tested by the Soviets. Subs create a warm-water plume and also churn cold water from the ocean floor; both disturbances are detectable from space. Other potential signals are radiation and effects on plankton and other marine life.

The oceans are vast. Continuously tracking such signals is something neither side can yet do. But with better computer processing to fit scraps of satellite pictures into a coherent picture of the oceans, and with some honing of the techniques used to recognize signatures, the Soviets may achieve constant monitoring of our subs. Presidential science advisor George Keyworth warns that the explosion of a modern nuclear warhead in the water within a hundred miles of a submarine will destroy it.

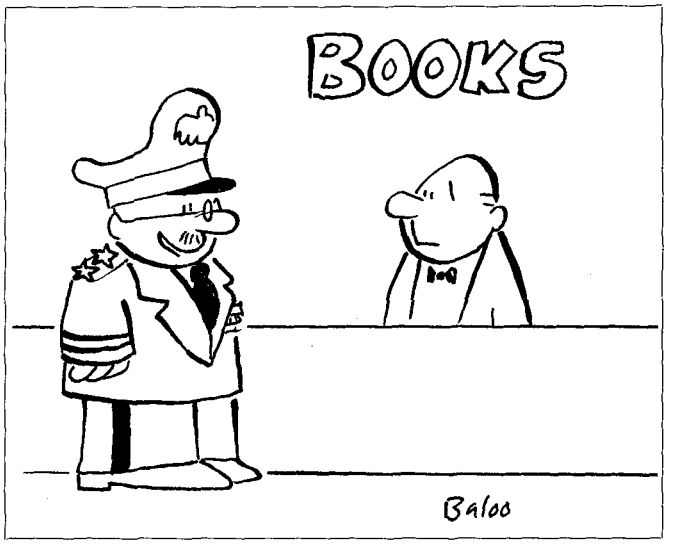
As for our bombers, only about one-fourth to one-third are likely to be on alert before an attack; the rest would be vulnerable to a quick strike. Those that survive would run into the best air-defense system in the world: The Soviets have nationwide radar coverage, more than 2,500 supersonic interceptor planes, and more than ten thousand surface-to-air missiles, financed by an annual budget of perhaps $10 billion. Military reformers such as Gary Hart have pointed out the inability of our B-1 bomber forces reliably to penetrate this Soviet defense.

Nor will cruise missiles or "Stealth" bombers necessarily solve the problem. Cruise missiles fly low in an attempt to skim under Soviet tracking radar. But the Soviets, according to *Soviet Military Power*, already have at least two fighter planes equipped with "look-down, shoot-down" radar for targeting the cruises. And because the cruise missile flies so slowly—taking hours to reach its target—it gives the Soviets time to activate their massive civil-defense program.

"Stealth" uses coatings and electronics to fool radar. But the Stealth bomber, if we continue development at the current rate and begin to deploy it some time in the 1990s, may come too late. Even if it is not too late, it may be inadequate. For Stealth can fool radars from only one direction. Both the U.S. and the USSR, according to *Aviation Week*, have already been testing various ways to detect Stealth systems, including bouncing radar signals off the top of the atmosphere, and using "passive infra-red" sensors from space. Stealth is a promising idea, but we cannot bet our security on it. However reliable offensive deterrence was twenty or even ten years ago, it is fast becoming obsolete. There is no alternative to defense.

The key problem with purely offensive deterrence in an age of accurate "missile-busting" ICBMs should be clear from the above: One Soviet missile carrying, say, ten warheads can knock out three American strategic targets. It does not matter if we keep up in total warheads or megatonnage if the Soviets can wipe out all our weapons in a pre-emptive attack. To keep up with the Soviets in an offense-only race—especially since we do not plan a pre-emptive strike of our own—we must build several targets, i.e., missiles, to absorb each one the Soviets build. The strategic argument for defense then is decisive. It is the only way off the offense-only treadmill.

We *must* come up with some sort of defense, even if



"Something upbeat about nuclear war."

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only as a buttress to our offensive deterrent, something to return us to the stability of the days before missile-busting ICBMs. The remaining questions are two: Is an active, partly space-borne defense—a space shield, of whatever technology—a practical way of buttressing deterrence? And, Do advanced space-shield weapons, such as laser beams, offer some substantial hope of eventually making ICBMs, and thus global nuclear war, obsolete?

There is no doubt any more that the space shield, in itself, disregarding countermeasures and engineering complexities, is inherently workable. There is no doubt because for once in this mire of speculation about what could be done, the thing *has* been done.

Most plans for a first-generation space shield look pretty much alike. They include three or four layers of defensive installations: The first, booster defense, a group of space-borne satellites, is assigned to destroy enemy boosters on the rise at that tempting moment when each is still carrying several warheads. The mid-course defense attempts to shoot down either the ICBM "buses" that carry the warheads, or the warheads themselves. This might be done from space, or by ABM missiles launched from the ground or from atmospheric aircraft, or by a combination of methods. The final phase, point defense, attempts to destroy individual warheads within a few miles of their targets. This is done from the ground.

Bull's-Eye

In the first-generation scenarios, the devices actually used to destroy the enemy missiles are simple, non-nuclear projectiles that destroy their targets on impact. No lasers. No nuclear exchanges in space. We destroy enemy missiles by throwing "rocks" at them, in most phases so-called "smart rocks" that guide themselves to final impact. If that sounds unlikely, just remember that the enemy missiles are traveling at thousands of miles an hour. Think what a brick dropped in the path of your automobile traveling at sixty miles an hour would do to it. An ICBM moving at thousands of miles an hour is a lot more vulnerable than your car going sixty. Of course the projectiles don't really look like rocks; they look more like spears. But they are pretty simple all the same.

Space-shield supporters have all along been confident that this sort of primitive defense could be built because every task involved is a familiar one: detecting enemy rocket launches, firing an "air-to-air" missile at a high-speed target and making target adjustments from a distance, building a missile smart enough to handle the terminal approach on its own. Admittedly the distances, numbers, and velocities involved in shooting down nuclear missiles are greater than those with which the military is accustomed to dealing, but a year and a half ago the U.S. proved its rocks were smart enough. In June 1984 the Army fired a mock Soviet missile into space and then shot a smart rock, the "homing overlay vehicle," after it. The vehicle zeroed in on its target at four thousand miles an hour, unfolded its thin steel arms into a cosmic catcher's mitt, and caught the missile in space, pulverizing it without a nuclear explosion. The warhead didn't explode because, contrary to popular belief, it is hard to set them off. The explosion depends upon a delicate timing mechanism that brings together the deadly explosives at just the right instant. Any impact great enough to destroy the missile would certainly destroy the bomb mechanism. Missiles can be equipped with salvage fuses that can order a detonation the instant the missile senses it is under attack, but an explosion above fifty thousand feet would cause no significant damage or fallout on the ground.

So smart-rock technology is in itself workable. That does not prove that, on net, a smart-rock defensive system would be superior to attacks upon it or that it could overcome countermeasures, but it does show that the concept is realistic and not, as some suggest, an absurd fantasy.

The more exotic weapons mentioned in the debate—lasers, particle beams, etc.—offer greater potential but present more significant technological problems than smart rocks. Energy weapons are the ultimate space-shield weapons because they travel at or near the speed of light and, in the vacuum of space, with undeviating precision. Over the relatively short distances in question, the beams would travel almost instantaneously, nearly eliminating the need to lead the target. A space-borne battle station equipped with such weapons could fire on the target, learn the results, and fire again repeatedly in less than a second, allowing one station to attack hundreds of targets within a few minutes. Because of their speed and accuracy, mature energy weapons would do to the ballistic missile almost precisely what the machine gun did to the cavalry charge, and would make maintaining a missile force as pointless as retaining regiments of horse soldiers.

Unfortunately there are many obstacles still to be overcome in developing these weapons, and usable versions may still be decades away. Progress, however, has been more rapid than many SDI advocates expected. A few years ago, a group of scientists critical of strategic defense published a paper, under the sponsorship of the Union of Concerned Scientists, contending that a laser weapon would have to achieve a power output of 25 megawatts (25 million watts) to shoot down a Soviet missile. Last spring, scientists at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory tested a free-electron laser with a peak power of one billion watts. The Livermore scientists expect the free-electron laser to achieve a peak many times higher, maybe even a trillion watts, many times a second. Average power is as important as peak power, since the laser must be able to fire nearly continuously, but the goal at Livermore is an average output of one hundred megawatts, not the 25 that the UCS saw as such a discouraging obstacle. A laser producing such levels of power could destroy several enemy missiles per second.

A multitude of well-publicized objections other than insufficient power has been raised, but many were demonstrably irresponsible when they were first made and many others have already been overtaken by the progress of research. One repeated objection has been that energy weapons could not be fired through the atmosphere. This is still true of some such weapons, such as the neutral-particle beam. But under the Reagan SDI program, a promising new twist has been developed that would in fact enable laser weapons to penetrate the air. Using the space shuttle as a target, the scientists first fired up a low-energy beam to probe for any turbulence in the atmosphere. The first beam helped them, using high-speed computers, to adapt the second beam so as to minimize any interference. Using the first beam, then, as a kind of railroad track,

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they were able to fire the second beam (also low-power, since the shuttle is on our side) straight off at the shuttle.

Contrivances like this make several advanced ideas for Star Wars defense—such as ground-based lasers firing off mirrors, or actual laser battle stations in space—appear much more feasible. The ground-based lasers would be able to hit the mirrors without being disrupted by the atmosphere. The space-based lasers would be able to reach down to intercept cruise missiles and bombers. In recent congressional testimony, Lieutenant General James A. Abrahamson, head of the SDI program, said that test results so far have shown that we might be able to chop five to ten years off the time experts once thought would be necessary to develop a shield. This would make even laser weapons ready for deployment within the next five to ten years.

Of course even if such weapons do work out and are eventually deployed in space in some form, they will not be perfect. It is important to keep in mind that the goal of defense is not to make it impossible for a single enemy missile to get through, but to make a successful *first strike* impossible. Since an unsuccessful first strike would bring horrible vengeance down upon the attacker, a "good" defense performs the same function as a "perfect" defense: ensuring that the attack will never be launched. Think of it this way. Mount a really huge cavalry charge on a modern battlefield, and one or two riders might get through. Nevertheless, nobody uses cavalry any more because the cost is prohibitive and the return minimal. Even Ashton Carter of Harvard—who, in a report sponsored by the congressionally controlled Office of Technology Assessment, attacked the idea of a space shield—agrees that "less-than-perfect defenses are technically achievable and might be very useful." Indeed, he concedes that an imperfect defense might be able to render nuclear weapons " 'impotent and obsolete,' to use the President's phrase."

Billions and Trillions

HOW MUCH is enough? SDI advocates frequently speak of a three- or four-layer defense with 80 per cent effectiveness at each level. With three levels, such a defense would be 92 per cent effective; with four levels, more than 99 per cent effective. These projections can sound arbitrary and optimistic. But such guesstimates are supported by men as eminent as James Fletcher, former head of NASA, who probably knows more than anyone else about space defense. Dr. Fletcher headed the panel of experts who drafted what is now called the Fletcher report. The panel spent more than a hundred thousand man-hours listening, reading, and compiling reports. It also heard from most of the leading critics of strategic defense. The Fletcher report, issued in 1983, recommended that the government pursue a substantial research effort. In December 1984, in a paper for *Issues in Science and Technology*, Dr. Fletcher delivered his opinion that a 99 per cent effective defense was possible within this century.

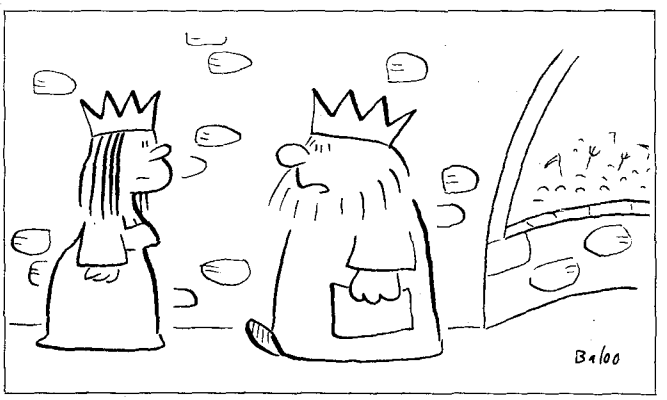
Of course, as we have already mentioned, some well-known scientists have been as skeptical as Dr. Fletcher is confident. A careful examination of the course of the argument, however, will show that most of the most well-publicized criticisms of SDI have been so thoroughly refuted that even a layman can have confidence in the refutations. For instance, one of the charges made in the Union of Concerned Scientists' report on strategic defense was that SDI would be ruinously expensive. One of the UCS scientists' key arguments was that an effective shield would need approximately 2,400 defensive satellites. Under pressure from scientists such as Robert Jastrow, former head of NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center, who exposed many of the UCS's errors in two seminal articles in *Commentary*, UCS scientists have since conceded that the actual number is 79, or 2,321 fewer than it originally claimed. The correction lowers the price range of a space shield from hundreds of billions or even trillions of dollars to tens of billions.

In another equally astounding error, the UCS claimed that an adequate linear accelerator, a potential component of certain energy weapons, would weigh forty thousand tons, when in fact it would weigh 25 tons. With space transport costing about $3 million per ton, that error added more than a hundred billion to the cost estimate for each accelerator.

Jastrow found numerous other serious errors in the early UCS and Office of Technology Assessment reports. These errors were not randomly distributed, as one might expect from a truly scientific study. Each had the effect of making strategic defense seem more difficult.

It may seem strange that eminent scientists—and some of the scientists associated with the UCS are national treasures—could have been parties to such sloppy work. Here we come to an important distinction that must be made when reading any expert testimony. Most of the scientists who oppose SDI, including seven of the eight co-writers of the UCS report, were quoted in the major press within ten days of Mr. Reagan's initial speech. They could not possibly have had time to study the plan carefully in all its scientific implications. So, as they are free to do, they were speaking politically as anti-Reaganites; but as scientists they made premature strategic judgments. Scientists can certainly have opinions on policy matters; but these should not necessarily be regarded as expert.

The Union of Concerned Scientists is the chief lobbying group against SDI. Despite the qualifications of some of the men associated with it, the UCS itself is an unabashedly political organization with such scant respect for scientific objectivity that even fellow scientists have commented on it. Several members, such as Carl Sagan, participated in a nationwide campaign tour on behalf of Walter Mondale. The UCS's own press spokesman, John Tirman, says the organization can be thought of as political. Most of its



"I read them the riot act, and they rioted."

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money, as outlined in an article in *Policy Review*, is raised from far-left mailing lists, and the money goes to lobbying, not scientific research.

Perhaps the most revealing activity of the UCS in recent years has been in its maintenance of a library of "recommended readings and films." One such film is *America: From Hitler to MX*, produced with the help of several UCS members and promoted in a pamphlet sent by the UCS to some of its supporters. The film, the pamphlet says, offers "a striking film statement about the aims of the United States . . . our longstanding first-strike policy, and the escalating threat of annihilation . . . an exposé of America's top-level corporate and banking links with fascism . . . in the effort to destroy Communism and gain worldwide domination . . . It ties American bankers with our first-strike policies [and] indicts the United States as aggressor in today's global move to war."

The Economics of Strategy

ON THE question of costs, SDI advocates maintain that a reliable defense would cost from $25 billion to $100 billion. Robert Jastrow estimates $60 billion; the authors of this article believe the cost could be brought down to $25 billion or even $15 billion if the project were given a Manhattan Project priority and taken outside the military-congressional complex. Spread out over a construction time of seven years, the annual cost would run between $2 billion and $15 billion, somewhere between 1 and 5 per cent of the total military budget.

We have so far been focusing on questions of inherent feasibility. Smart rocks are clearly feasible; energy weapons are far more realistic than partisan critics admit. But cost estimates inevitably bring up questions that range far beyond inherent feasibility. We come now to possible Soviet responses and countermeasures and thus to the economics of strategy.

One argument of space-shield opponents is that the Soviets could overwhelm any U.S. defense by building more and more missiles, ensuring that an adequate number would get through. This may at first seem like a technological difficulty. In fact it is a simple problem of economics. Multiplying missiles works only if it is cheaper to multiply missiles than to bolster the defense. The U.S. Government has commissioned a number of careful studies of the cost tradeoffs involved. One such study, commissioned under the Carter Administration and completed in 1981, was "Strategic Defense, a Potential Arms Control Initiative," carried out by R. H. Kupperman, who is now a professor at Georgetown's Institute for Strategic Studies. Kupperman concluded that the cost tradeoffs would favor defense by 2 to 1 or 3 to 1 for the foreseeable future, and he did not even contemplate space-based weapons capable of shooting down warhead-laden Soviet boosters. An update of the Kupperman study has since been done by the Strategic Defense Initiative Organization. The cost conclusions were classified, but a public report, since confirmed by congressional sources, said the new report estimated a defense cost advantage of between 3 to 1 and 5 to 1.

Gregory Canavan of Los Alamos National Laboratory, starting with calculations by SDI critics Richard Garwin and Ashton Carter, has concluded that defensive expansion need only proceed at the square root of offensive expansion in order to keep up. Thus, to cope with a ninefold expansion in Soviet missiles, we need only enlarge defenses by a factor of three.

The defensive advantage rests in part on the nature of the offensive mission, which is to deliver two or three warheads against each enemy target. Given the consequences of a botched attack, it is offense, not defense, that must be perfect. Yet with each layer of defense, the attacker becomes more uncertain not only as to how many but also as to which warheads will get through. Given one thousand warheads directed at one hundred targets, getting two hundred warheads through does no good if those two hundred warheads are all aimed at a few targets.

Taking these strategic factors into account, John Gardner of the President's SDI office has calculated how many warheads the Soviets would have to launch to be confident of destroying the West's four thousand critical targets, given a two-layer Western defense, 80 per cent effective in each layer. The answer is 264,000 warheads, the production of which, and of their attendant missiles, would consume all of the USSR's gross national product for several years.

Another commonly suggested Soviet countermeasure is the most obvious one: Shoot down our defensive satellites before launching an attack. There are, however, several obvious weaknesses in this approach. First, an attack on our defenses might well provoke an American first strike against the Soviets. Second, such an attack would leave any ground-based phase of our defense intact. But most importantly, defensive satellites could easily be made very difficult targets. First, they could be armored. (Missiles—which must travel through the atmosphere, fighting the pull of gravity—cannot afford to be armored. Defensive satellites—carried aloft within transport vehicles such as the shuttle, or even assembled in space—can.) Secondly, they will, by definition, be carrying extremely potent weapons, either smart rocks or energy weapons, that could be turned on any attacker even at great distances. Defensive satellites would not be sitting ducks.

Ducks and Decoys

OTHER COUNTERMEASURES suggested by critics have included fooling the defense with decoys, and spinning, shining, or even shielding the target ICBMs. None of these are feasible. For decoy warheads to be useful, they must be significantly lighter than real warheads: Otherwise they are no cheaper to launch and there is no point in using them. But a light mock warhead will certainly behave differently from a real one when re-entering the atmosphere, and a booster carrying mock warheads will behave differently from one carrying real warheads. Such differences are likely to be observed, making decoys useless against at least two layers of the defense. Scientists at the SDI office are already working on ways to detect decoys during other phases of flight.

It is possible to shine an ICBM's surface to reflect laser beams, so that the missile can evade some of the beams' energy. But exhaust fumes from the launch would destroy much of the shine, and air drag would dull the surface further. A shine would do no good against smart rocks or some specialized lasers, such as the X-ray laser.

Spinning the missile would spread the energy of the laser beam, requiring the beam to spend more time dwell-

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ing on each target. But the energy spread would not be great, and lasers that emit their energy in powerful pulses could punch through an ICBM's skin instantly, making the spinning motion irrelevant.

Any uniform strengthening of an ICBM's wall sufficient to protect it from laser damage would make it too heavy to deliver its payload; more exotic schemes such as "the band-aid," a metal skirt that moves to shield the section of the missile under attack, would put too much stress on the missile's fragile body.

The Soviet Program

ANOTHER SUPPOSEDLY cheap countermeasure cited by the critics is the "fast-burn" booster, which would shorten the boost phase of a missile's flight from three to five minutes, down to one. Since the boost phase is the most easily trackable phase of a missile's flight and also the phase in which the missile, with its many warheads still attached, makes the most worthwhile target, shortening it is thought by some to be a conclusive response to defense. The Fletcher panel, however, concluded that far from its being a cheap and easy countermeasure, the Soviets could not achieve fast-burn until the twenty-first century. Moreover, a fast-burn booster would require a complete redesign of present Soviet missiles. Should the Soviets decide simply to mount fast-burn boosters on present systems, they would have to reduce the payloads by 70 to 80 per cent—in effect, a defense against their own missiles. Should they choose to build all new missiles, they would be acknowledging that their entire present force is impotent and obsolete. Even if, as a result of this investment, the Soviets perfected a missile with a fast-burn booster, it could not evade the much faster, more intense direct-energy weapons the U.S. might deploy by that time. Nor would a fast-burn booster degrade the effectiveness of any defensive layer other than the first.

If the Soviets thought it easy to overwhelm, attack, or fool a defense, they would hardly be objecting to strategic defense as strongly as they are. The ideal strategy for them would be to let us build this costly system and then render it impotent with a much smaller expenditure. But this is not what they are doing. They are trying desperately to stop the U.S. from building a space shield.

The Soviets understand the potential of strategic defense. The best proof of that is that they are pouring enormous resources into their own strategic-defense program, and they are far ahead of us in many areas. The Soviets have a beam-weapons research program two to three times as large as that of the United States. Their overall program, according to Caspar Weinberger, is ten times as large. The Soviets were the first to test a beam weapon, back in 1969. They have the only operational ABM system in the world, built up and perfected over almost 15 years of illegal surface-to-air missile testing. They have developed mobile ABM radars and missiles, located at ICBM sites all around the Soviet Union. In combination with their illegal radars, most notably at Krasnoyarsk, these tested missiles and radars could give the Soviets a crude nationwide ABM capability by the 1990s. It would not be enough to defend against an all-out U.S. first strike. But it might provide a sufficient defense against a counterstrike by a weakened U.S. arsenal.

The Soviets nevertheless are the chief critics of SDI. They have repeatedly threatened to accelerate their offensive buildup if the U.S. proceeds with its program. If the U.S. actually deploys a strategic defense, however, the Soviets will have to deal with reality. A U.S. defense would probably help arms control in several ways.

For one thing, strategic defense constitutes a kind of "automatic arms control," as George Keyworth put it, or, as Kenneth Adelman has written in *Foreign Affairs*, a form of "arms control without agreement." A defense that can knock down 80 per cent of a Soviet attack "controls" or reduces the destructive capacity of the Soviet arsenal by just as much as an arms-control agreement requiring the Soviets to dismantle 80 per cent of their forces. Compare this to the 50 per cent reduction of nuclear forces being discussed at Geneva, or to a "nuclear freeze," which would dismantle nothing in the present U.S. or Soviet arsenals.

This comparison illustrates a double standard that has crept into the arms-control debate. The Left argues that defenses, to have any utility, must be perfect, leakproof, 100 per cent effective. On the other hand, the Left argues that arms-control treaties need only "make progress" or "improve the atmosphere" or "establish the framework for a mutual and constructive dialogue conducive to a comprehensive agreement." A fair observer would judge defense and arms control by the same standard: Do they move us in the right direction?

Despite the Soviets' threats to increase their offensive arsenal, experience shows that they respond rationally to incentives. As Under Secretary of Defense Fred C. Iklé has testified, when the Soviets learned the U.S. might be building a comprehensive air-defense system in the early 1960s, they canceled their strategic-bomber program for nearly a decade. The program resumed only when Defense Secretaries McNamara and Schlesinger decided to scrap defense, giving Soviet bombers an open highway to the undefended United States. If American strategic defenses make additional Soviet missiles uneconomic, the Soviets will not build them.

Indeed, as missiles become more efficient, smaller, and more mobile, making treaty verification all but impossible, strategic defense may become the *only* path to arms control. Only defense gives us a simple response to cheating. When a President Reagan—or Kemp or Hart or Bush—discovers that the Soviets have stockpiled several thousand illegal warheads, as they in fact have already done under SALT II, he need not ask Congress for a similar offensive buildup for the United States. He can ask for a cheaper, and less agonizing, buildup of defense. The Soviets add a nuclear warhead, we add a non-nuclear interceptor.

As long as the Soviets have an undemocratic government that threatens peace abroad and suppresses its own people at home, we must be prepared to defend ourselves. Such relatively peaceful levers on Soviet behavior as the Voice of America, economic pressure, and aid to freedom movements around the globe will all be more effective as we inch away from the strategy of mutual assured destruction. A space shield, in this sense, is far more than just a particular piece of hardware or a set of satellites. It is a fundamental change of foreign policy and military strategy, part of a peaceful forward strategy that seeks to dismantle Communism, and to extend freedom and constitutional democracy to all nations. □

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'THE GODDAM MIDDLE CLASS'

After you have been in England for a few days you notice with a sense of relief that the protracted Washington conflict—between those who seek and those who resist an incremental victory for socialism—does not really apply over there. As I wondered why this should be so, on a recent visit, the metaphor of infectious disease kept occurring to me. The British have *had* socialism. They caught a bad dose of it. They saw Arthur Scargill, the miners' leader, seeking the support of Muammar el-Qaddafi, the Libyan despot; and they have seen Labour Party members and trade-union delegations openly appealing to Moscow. In Britain they went far beyond our muffled, anodyne rhetoric—the "expansion" of civil rights, "sensitivity" to the poor, and so on. The British had the naked fist of power, arm and hammer, shaken right in their faces. Margaret Thatcher won that round, and you sense at least a temporary immunity from the socialist germs.

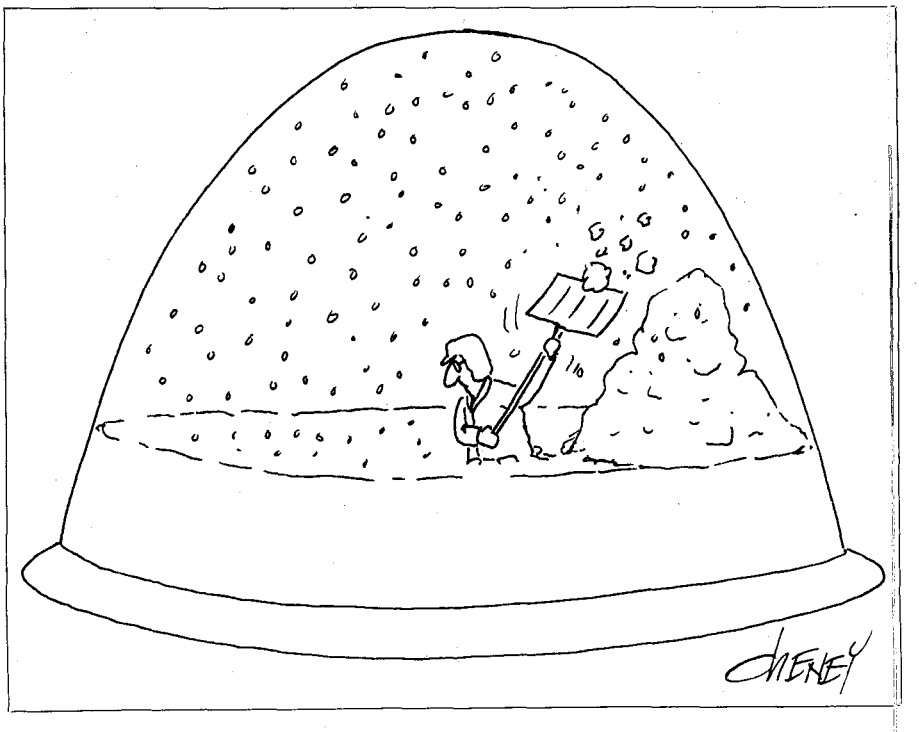
The great question of the day in Britain is: Will Thatcherism prevail? At first sight this may also seem to be a Left/Right conflict, but in fact it is not. The Left of course fiercely opposes Mrs. Thatcher and everything she stands for: individual liberty, self-reliance, the replacement of socialist privilege by the rule of law. But a sizable segment of the Tory Party also opposes her, preferring the maintenance of Tory privilege to the encroachment of the market economy. Arrayed against Mrs. Thatcher are powerful forces, both gentrified and unionized. On her side is the middle class and those who aspire to join it. They have a powerful, if disembodied, ally: market forces.

It is an interesting contest, not least because Mrs. Thatcher arouses strong feelings. A former Labour member of Parliament from Birmingham, Brian Walden, who writes a column for the London *Evening Standard*, remarked a few months ago that "Thatcherism arouses more cold hatred and savage abuse than anything seen in Britain since Oliver Cromwell." Thatcherism propounds that managers are sometimes as indifferent as workers, Walden wrote, and dukes as idle as dustmen. "Which is why some of the dukes are joining the Social Democratic Party."

In a column titled "Speak Up, Bossy-Boots," Walden worried that Mrs. Thatcher did not know how to make her case, surrounded as she is by "civil-service mandarins and Tory nabobs," many of whom do not wish her well. "It will not do just to talk of a 'property-owning democracy,'" Walden said. "It is too arid, too distant a prospect for some, too concentrated upon purely material concerns . . . Whatever its faults, Thatcherism is inherently classless, individualistic, tolerant of diversity, liberationist, and unsnobbish. Mrs. Thatcher might consider saying so."

You can see why the Tories might not appreciate such an agenda. Private ownership, for example, makes people independent, and therefore Mrs. Thatcher's program of privatization of state property tends to be opposed just as much by a squirearchy accustomed to deference as by County Councils seeking dependents. The former Conservative prime minister Harold Macmillan has been much on television of late, deploring privatization and comparing the process to "selling the family silver," as though private ownership devalued property—the opposite of the truth. He seems to think that selling state property to British people is no better than selling it to American museums.

"Toryism has always been a form of paternal socialism," Macmillan said some years ago. Lord Hinchingbrooke, representing the Tory Reform Committee, has said that "true conservative opinion is horrified at the damage done to this country by individualist businessmen." Quintin Hogg, now Lord Hailsham, criticized capitalism as an



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"ungodly and rapacious scramble for ill-gotten gains."

These comments are quoted in a recent, privately published book, *Counter Culture*, by James M. Goldsmith (he omits the "Sir" on the title page and dust cover). A number of his articles and speeches are reprinted, including one of exceptional interest delivered at the Conservative Party conference in Blackpool last October ("Britain's Economic Problems—Are They Economic or Cultural?"). After the Industrial Revolution a "new and successful industrial middle class was emerging," and it incurred the disapproval of the "old ruling class": Industry was henceforth to be considered philistine, competition predatory, commerce debased. Enterprise was, in a word, vulgar.

Goldsmith's subsequent analysis may seem straightforward to Americans, but it has rarely been heard in a country where the advocacy of one variety of privilege (Tory) or another (Labour/trade-union) usually predominates.

> In such a climate, businessmen lost their confidence. At the very moment of its triumph, the entrepreneurial class turned its energies to disguising itself in the image of the class it was supplanting. To be accepted, successful businessmen went through an accelerated process of gentrification. They became ashamed of the very virtues that created their and their nation's success.
>
> The hunger for gentrification led to a consolidation of the class system. Progressively there was a mingling of the old landed aristocracy with the new industrial class and the emergence of a gentrified middle class. This middle class sought to distance itself from the working class whose values were uncomfortably reminiscent of those of which, so recently, they had become ashamed.
>
> And so emerged the extraordinary upstairs/downstairs society. Upstairs, admiration was reserved for amateurs, dilettantes, and a somewhat effete set of values which were supposed to represent a cultured way of life. Adventurers, risk takers, tough and ambitious professionals were considered rather uncouth and vulgar. To be a good loser was more important than being a winner. Downstairs were trapped the old and earthy British virtues of vigor and vitality.

"THE GODDAM middle class," Marxist professor Eric Hobsbawm said in a recent interview with Miriam Gross in *Time and Tide*. "It's the middle class for whom [Mrs. Thatcher] is waging the class war." He is emeritus professor of economic and social history at the University of London, honorary fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and an honorary member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. One feels he should by rights be Lord Hobsbawm. With a peerage he could sit next to the Lords Hailsham and Stockton (Harold Macmillan) in the House of Lords. They would happily hobnob.

'The Tory establishment would like to get rid of Thatcher,' Stephen Haseler said. 'For a while they were worried about the unions and they needed someone tough to deal with them'

"Oh yes," Hobsbawm went on, "who are all these ultra-right ideologists at the moment? They are middle-class boys, they are grammar-school boys who have made it, like [Norman] Tebbit." He is Conservative Party chairman and a Thatcher ally—possibly her successor as leader of the Conservative Party. Hobsbawm complained that Mrs. Thatcher was "trying to divide the rich from the poor." It is revealing that he should have thought of them as united.

I spent an evening in London with Stephen Haseler, a former Labour candidate for Parliament and subsequently one of the founders of the Social Democratic Party. He had just completed a monograph, *The Varieties of Anti-Americanism*, now published by the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C. Also present was his American wife, Bay Haseler.

"The Tory establishment would like to get rid of Thatcher," Stephen Haseler said. "For a while they were worried about the unions and they needed someone tough to deal with them. Now she's dealt with Scargill and they'd like to be rid of her. But they won't succeed. She will stay and she will win the next election." (It must be held by June 1988. Most of the people I spoke to in England thought Mrs. Thatcher would be re-elected.) "We are in the middle of a serious economic change," Haseler went on. "Inflation is down. The unions are weaker. We are selling off state enterprises—British Gas is next. And I think there will be a tax cut."

I asked Mrs. Haseler if she encountered much anti-Americanism in Britain. She had noticed a class distinction that is highly suggestive. She said she encounters almost automatic rudeness from the British "gentry." On the other hand the working-class are more open-minded. "Is it true that in America you do so and so?" they will inquire. "We've been told that Americans believe such and such. Is that correct?"

British anti-Americanism deserves some comment because it is so revealing. I am not talking about left-wing anti-Americanism, which is a worldwide phenomenon and perfectly coherent on its own terms: If you want socialism, then you tend to be in alignment with the Soviet Union and in opposition to its "main enemy." Gentrified anti-Americanism is a very different affair, deriving not from any yearning for a rationally directed, centrally planned, Godless polity. Incidentally, anti-Americanism seems to have grown considerably since I left Britain (in 1962), but a few people I spoke to on my recent visit think that it may now be on the wane.

In part, upper-class anti-Americanism stems from a natural resentment toward the country that displaced Britain as a leading world power. Many old Etonians quite honestly cannot understand why mundane, uncultured Yanks should be so prosperous and are happy to accept the least flattering answer. And so on. But this is a familiar line of thought, and it distracts us from something more important.

The world economy is now so interconnected that capitalism only has to exist in one part of the world (America, say), and it will automatically export itself to other parts. "Boundaries between locations are disappearing," *The Economist* noted recently, "as cleverer telephones and easier computers bind markets and firms into a

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net of round-the-world, round-the-clock trading." Increasingly, free-market economies demand mimicry. Either that or they will suck the capital out of the entrails of foreign economies. Blood-sucking capitalists indeed! Sensitive international capital markets facilitate capital flight whenever governments pursue irresponsible—which is to say anti-capitalist—policies. Pounds will be traded for dollars, which will slip away to safe transatlantic havens. The currency will decline, interest rates will rise, bond prices will fall.

Capitalist economies impose penalties on backsliding economies all over the world. Look at what happened to François Mitterrand. He *tried* to give his countrymen socialism, as promised, but the franc collapsed and the electronic scoreboards of international finance signaled an unfavorable verdict. We are talking about something new here. Only recently have capital and currency markets developed the necessary speed and sensitivity (perhaps since 1980). Economies *can* insulate themselves from market signals, as is the case with the Soviet Union and its empire, but it is a costly barricade that must be built, diverting immense resources into police forces, border guards, price controllers, currency restrictions, whole new bureaucracies. A socialist state *has* to be a police state.

I was thinking about these things when I drove one afternoon into a Trusthouse Forte motorway (freeway) service stop on the M4 between London and Bristol. It is a well-worn cliché that when the British try to do specifically American things (such as serve fast food) they tend to do it abominably. As I drove into the parking area I began looking for evidence of the British inability to compete. But everything was very much better than I remembered from my last motorway stop, several years earlier. (And indeed British catering has greatly improved in the past decade.) Everything was . . . well, let's say it reminded me of America. There was even a little arcade of stores with all those strange oddments that people seem to want to buy on the highway: wine glasses, dolls, stationery, place mats, etc.

Working behind the counters were shopgirls—working-class, no doubt. But also quite American looking. As I listened to them chatting amiably with customers I realized that of course Bay Haseler was right and that they would have no objection either to America or to the market order that America has exported. It would work well for them. Over time it would elevate them into the middle class. In fact, as I looked at them I guessed that it already had. How unsnobbish money is! It doesn't mind who spends it. They would vote for Mrs. Thatcher, I decided. They wouldn't be needing Lord Stockton's paternalism, nor Lord Hobsbawm's instruction, nor would they play proletariat to Lord Scargill's dictatorship.

As far as I know, the problem of privilege in Britain has never really been analyzed; certainly not from a free-market perspective. Socialists have consistently misdiagnosed the problem by concentrating on private schools as the source of the problem. In fact they rather resemble business enterprises. For centuries they have acted as instruments of class mobility rather than rigidity. *Money* is the price of admission, and if you have the right amount they won't worry if you have the wrong accent: Your offspring will soon learn the right one. It is suggestive that socialists in power have shown more interest in abolishing private schools than the House of Lords—truly an instrument of privilege. (Socialists would prefer that goods be allocated politically rather than by money.)

Any analysis of privilege must begin with the Royal Family and the peerage, primogeniture and entailment. How amazing that the Duke of Westminster should still own a sizable portion of London's real estate

Any analysis of privilege in Britain must begin with the Royal Family and continue with the hereditary peerage and the laws of primogeniture and entailment that have kept feudal estates intact for centuries. How amazing that in the late twentieth century the Duke of Westminster should own a sizable portion of London's real estate. The laws that have kept these estates intact must by the same token have devalued them, just as a law restraining the sale of a section of Manhattan would devalue that property.

Trade-union privileges (exemption from the laws against the coercive monopolization of trade) should be thought of as a form of *noblesse oblige*: countervailing benefits granted to the working classes. Indeed privilege in general is a specified exemption from the general application of a law, and as such it is incompatible with the rule of law and, ultimately, with a free-market economy.

Mrs. Thatcher has curtailed the "downstairs" (trade-union) privileges, but of course she has hardly touched "upstairs." Rumor has it that she would like to, but of course one can imagine the lack of enthusiasm in the Conservative Party. Few new hereditary peerages have been created, however, and one senses that the Queen's at times decidedly frosty demeanor when in the prime minister's company is not without some basis.

Market forces are in any event cracking open hidebound institutions in ways almost certainly not foreseen by some of Mrs. Thatcher's conservative supporters. (In some respects the terms *conservative* and *capitalist* are more nearly antithetical than synonymous, and therein lies much that was unforeseen.) An important example, forthcoming in the spring, is the deregulation of the London Stock Exchange in one "big bang." Layers of regulations had guaranteed many old established stockbrokers the enjoyment of fat commissions and a comfortable existence without fear of competition. The only problem was the computer, and hence the ease of doing business elsewhere. Slimmer commissions were gratefully accepted in Hong Kong, Tokyo, New York. And so deregulation, and with it competition, was thrust upon the venerable gents of The City. Now many of the protected brokers will either have to start working for a living or go out of business. It's not hard to see why they regard "brash Americans" with a certain distaste.

There's another important change that Mrs. Thatcher could make—and may yet. It receives surprisingly little

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attention in England. High and progressive tax rates on income, intended by Karl Marx to achieve an egalitarian outcome, have paradoxically had the effect of insulating the upper classes from the competition of the "goddam middle class." The way this works is as simple as it is unexpected. People who have had the opportunity to convert income into wealth at a time when the income tax was low (or non-existent) are at a considerable advantage over people whose income (above a certain amount) is largely intercepted at the source. The mansions, antiques, and baronial estates of the upper classes are not taxed at anything like the same rate as the income of suburbanites diligently riding up to London every day on the 8:18. Thus the progressive income tax gives old money a leg up over new (read: *nouveau*).

In Britain you encounter the top tax rate of 60 per cent on income above £38,100. The 50 per cent bracket bites at £23,100. Such a tax burden ensures that the rising middle class can never scrape together the funds to buy those fancy old estates. If Mrs. Thatcher were to cut those top rates and raise the income thresholds at which they take effect, little or no revenue would be lost, and members of the upper class would soon find themselves with unexpected callers.

"Don't you want the tradesmen's entrance?"

"No, I've come to make an offer for the house." (An offer that can't be refused.)

"Goddam middle class." □

The Bills

(With the standard apologies to Edgar Allan Poe—and my creditors.)

See the postman with the bills—
Christmas bills!
What a sense of agony their rustling note instills!
How I cringe with wild distress
As American Express,
MasterCard, and VISA too,
Rise before my anguished view,
Inundate my cluttered room,
In the January gloom!
Oh, the cockamamic madness that so ominously thrills
From the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills—
From the horror and the sorrow of the bills!

II.

See the bills by tens and scores,
From the grim department stores!
Horrid bills!
My account is in arrears at Montgomery Ward and Sears—
For the floor mats in my car
And the shining VCR;
For the keen electric knife
That I bought to please my wife;
And the socks and ties and pelf
That I purchased for myself.
How they stare me in the face!
My abandoned course I trace.
See the stern accountant's frown.
"You must pay some money down—
Anything at all will do—
Say a hundred—maybe two!"
Ah, the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills!
The compunction and disjunction of the bills!

III.

See the pile of toy-store bills!
Fiendish bills!
What a note of irony their garish form distills!
Ah, that boat the clerk extolled
(It was radio-controlled),
And that charming piggy bank
That could change into a tank!
For that doll my daughter wanted
(Its expression strange and haunted)
And the Star Wars game and bikes
That I bought the little tykes!
They have lost their subtle charm.
Now they fill me with alarm—
Oh, those silly, frilly, pilly
Toy-store bills!

IV.

See the square and somber bills!
Bankers' bills!
What a world of woefulness their serried shape instills!
My account is overdrawn.
Gates of debtors' prison yawn—
Thoughts of torts, subpoenas, liens
Fill my mind with frightful scenes
Like a glimpse of Dante's *Hell*
Or a page from *Little Nell.*
Oh, the hideous and insidious
Bankers' bills!

V.

See the bills! Christmas bills!
All the season's vapid joy their somber presence kills!
How I curse the past delight,
And I think that Scrooge was right
When he used to scrape and scrimp
(Ere he changed into a wimp),
And I promise and avow
(Sane and sober—here and now!)
That next year—if I should live—
Not a single gift I'll give.
I will be a stern ombudsman—
Take a note from Gramm and Rudman!
Eschew these awful chills!
These January chills!
The terror and the error of the bills!

S. L. Varnado

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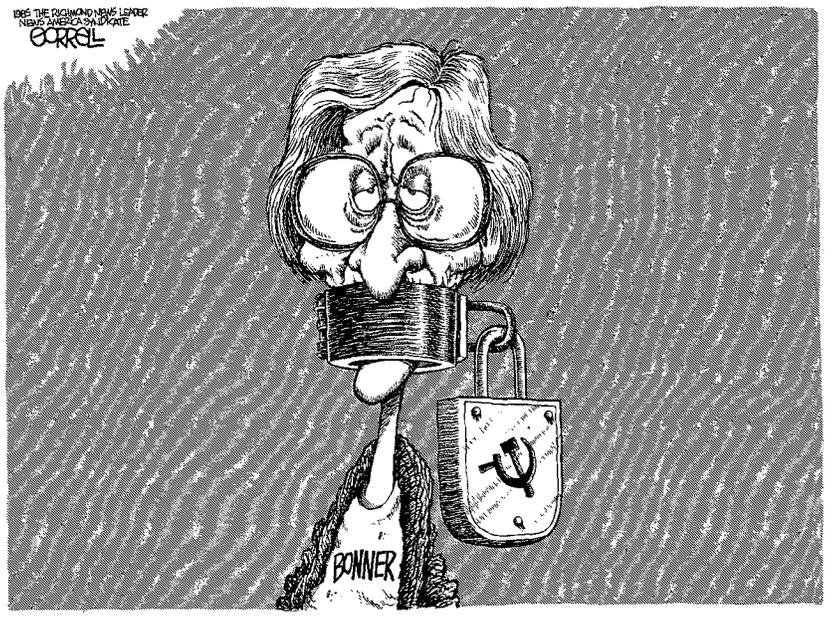
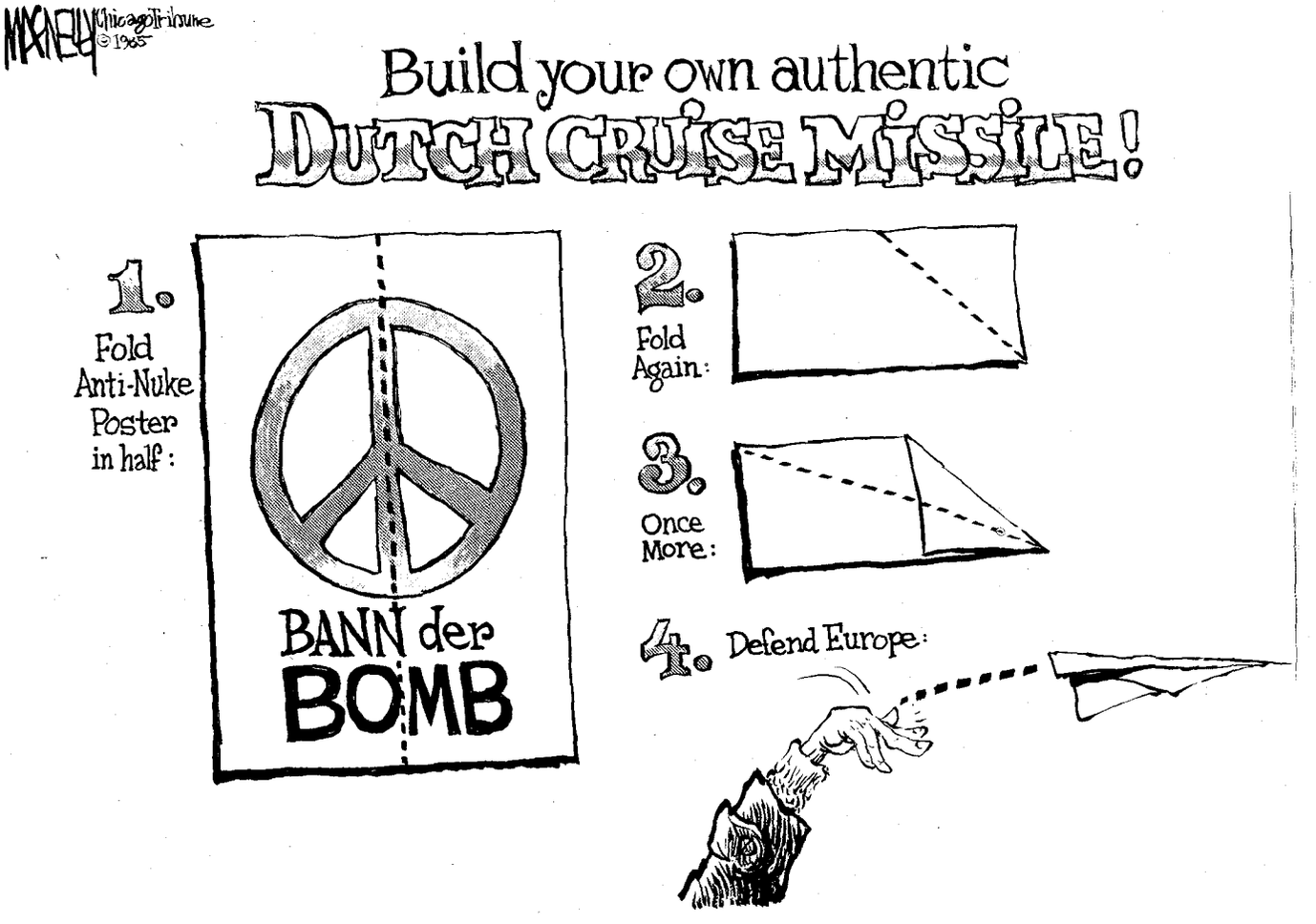
help !!!!

"I keep telling you, don't inhale."





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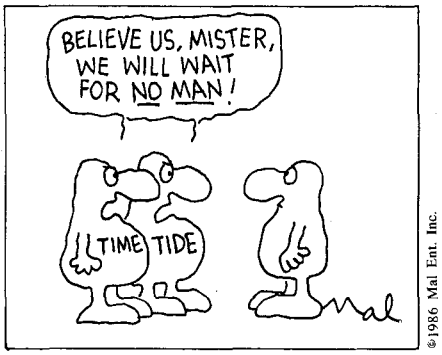
Slow Sellers

Longfellow reprints; Druid lore;
Books on the middle Pleistocene;
Subaltern Days in Old Lahore,
And campaign corn from Geraldine.

W. H. von Dreele

Leed / Rotheo

"Let's hear a 'Well done in 1985' for Mrs. Plimpton!"



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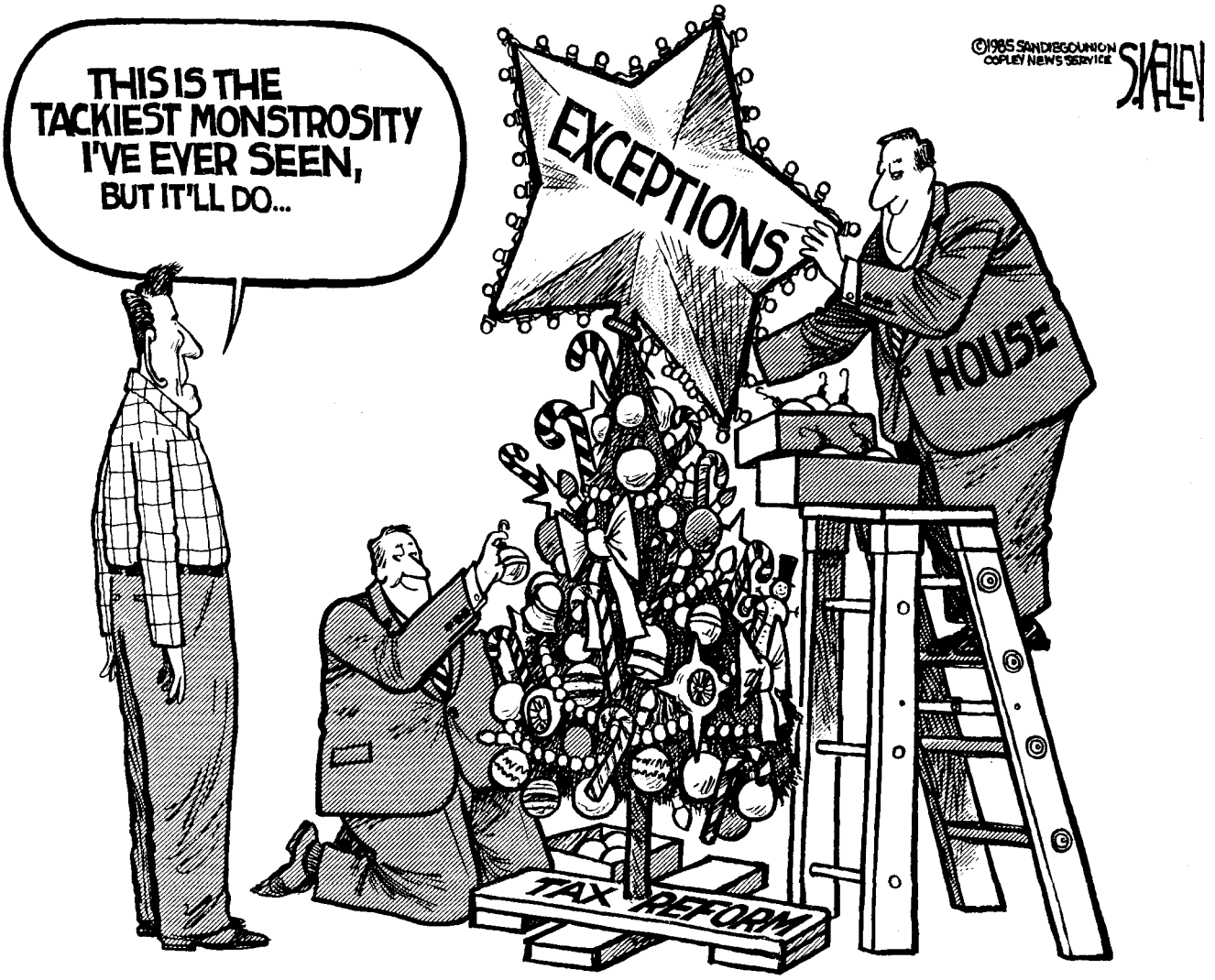

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A WAITING CHURCH

LIKE ALL Communist regimes, Hungary has a Secretariat for Religious Affairs, which is entrusted with the surveillance and ultimately the liquidation of churches and religious beliefs. In a recent interview, Secretary of Religious Affairs Imre Miklós announced that the churches' task was to play a positive role in spreading the socialist-humanist spirit, in encouraging good work habits, in discouraging crime, and in promoting ecological concerns and the struggle for world peace. Not a word on faith or Christian morality.

There is nothing new in a Marxist official's stating such views; the tragedy is that Hungary's 11 bishops, including Msgr. Lékai, the cardinal primate, also subscribe to the secretary's agenda. (When a Catholic magazine recently asked its readers to write about the significance of the Eucharist in their personal lives, one bishop, reading the answers, commented: "What? These idiots still believe this nonsense?")

Hungarian bishops are appointed on recommendation of the government. Two years before the present primate was called to the See of Esztergom, János Kádár visited him, it is reported, to take his measure. Obviously, the Hungarian leader was satisfied. Occasionally a Hungarian bishop will unburden himself to a trusted friend on the harsh and humiliating conditions under which he labors. But in public the bishops refrain from speaking out on matters of faith and morals. Is this on orders from Rome? Because collaborating "peace priests" are in the audience? Or because they lack the internal steel to offend their masters?

It is hard to know. But the estimated 10 per cent of the Hungarian clergy who find the courage to speak out blame the Vatican, and most particularly Cardinal Casaroli, for this soft approach toward the regime.

The paradox is that while the Vatican has backtracked from the hard-line days of Cardinal Mindszenty, the Communist Party of Hungary has evolved economically, culturally, and religiously. Today it feels secure and able to face a more muscular Church. While Imre Miklós's Secretariat remains as vigilant as before, there are changes. Seven or eight years ago, a dedicated priest might be invited in for a talk, and not allowed to go home. Today he can speak out frankly, and leave the building afterward. He may still be transferred to a remote parish—a move ordered by the political authorities but executed by the bishop—but he is seldom imprisoned. The offenses that can bring about such a transfer include communicating an ardent faith to parishioners, conducting discussions of important intellectual or doctrinal matters, or attracting students by lively and non-conformist sermons. Current Party policy is to discredit religion as non-intellectual, emotional, and *passé*, a relic of an earlier time.

In this the Party has had little success. Nearly 90 per cent of believers in Hungary come from the professional class: doctors, lawyers, professors, students, writers, engineers, even managers of state enterprises. These men and women are the nucleus of tomorrow's Church: They refuse to compromise, despite the hardships imposed on believers. The penalty for confessing the faith is no longer outright persecution, true, nor even the loss of one's job; but it may mean no promotions, no raises, and a loss of educational opportunities for one's children.

In that interview, Imre Miklós correctly pointed out that the state helps the Church: It pays the salaries of the priests, restores Church buildings, permits the publication of religious materials, and so on. What is never mentioned is the constant surveillance, the hidden threats, the incessant interference. If a priest organizes an excursion for young people, security officers may turn up to ask their names, the names of their parents, what they are up to, what they plan in the future. The priest may be invited to the Secretariat for a chat.

The harassment—inquiries, controls, warnings, verbal threats—is more discreet than it once was: The enforcers are under instructions to go easy. A tacit understanding has developed between the questioners and the questioned. Many high officials in the Secretariat are knowledgeable about both religious doctrine and ecclesiastical structure. They are aware that the "peace priests," organized to create internal strife within the Church and to inform on their colleagues, have proven useless: Believers shun their Masses; they are despised as opportunists.

What does this alleviation of controls—freer entry into the seminaries, tolerance of Catholic high schools and religious orders—mean when the basic policy vis-à-vis the Church remains unchanged? Our long-range objective, Imre Miklós said, remains a totally secular and socialist society with no place in it for organized religion.

THE ANSWER is that the Hungarian Church is alive, primarily because it was the dominant institution and cultural presence in Hungary for a thousand years. It cannot be eliminated or even substantially weakened without altering the very fabric of the nation. The countryside remains studded with church steeples and roadside sanctuaries, and the Budapest skyline is humanized by such landmarks as the Basilica, the Franciscan and Inner-City Church, St. Matthew's Cathedral, and dozens of others.

True, church-going is forbidden to Party members, but many disobey

(Continues on page 68)

Mr. Molnar is the author of the forthcoming The Pagan Temptation, *to be published by the University Press of America.*

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ABROAD

CAIRO *An Unequal Struggle*

During his first four years in office President Hosni Mubarak has struggled mightily to redress Egypt's economic balance. But, as he begins the last two years of his term, the battle seems to be a losing one. Of all his problems, the demographic arithmetic is the most threatening. The Egyptian population is growing by 2.7 per cent a year and is close to fifty million, which means that every ten months there are a million more mouths to feed. At the same time the country is falling behind in its attempt to increase agricultural acreage and therefore grow a greater proportion of its food, of which it now must import 50 per cent in contrast to the exportable surpluses it used to produce. Although a considerable amount of land has been reclaimed from the desert for cultivation, more has been lost to the growing urban sprawl of Cairo and Alexandria. The news is bad, too, on the financial front. Receipts from both oil exports and the Suez Canal tolls have fallen considerably. Money repatriated by Egyptian nationals abroad has also declined. The Egyptian pound suffers from strong inflationary pressure and was subjected to a de facto devaluation of 40 per cent in the first eight months of last year. Even more alarming, Egyptian credit has begun to lose its appeal in the international market. Indeed, it is widely expected that the Egyptian international debt will have to be rescheduled soon because of doubt about the country's ability to maintain its current rate of repayment.

PARIS *Chers Lecteurs*

The newspaper *Le Monde*, influential though trouble-beset, has succeeded in the novel venture of raising money from its readers by selling them shares in the enterprise. The faithful *lecteurs* bought enough shares at five hundred francs ($67) a throw to raise a total of 15 million francs ($2 million), which will help the paper climb back to solvency. The shares represent 12.5 per cent of the total. Last year *Le Monde* showed an operating loss of 67 million francs (almost $9 million). But with the sale of its offices in the Rue des Italiens, staff cuts, and other streamlining measures, *Le Monde* hopes to show a small operating profit for 1985. The paper has deeply entrenched support among French middle-class intellectuals, especially teachers and bureaucrats. Its small type, densely packed columns, lengthy articles, and lack of photographs make it a media anomaly. It has lost some of its old credit since President Mitterrand's election on suspicion of being something of a mouthpiece for his socialist government.

MADRID *Like Columbus*

As the quincentenary of Columbus's discovery of America approaches, other related anniversaries appear in the foreground, such as the five-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Hernán Cortés, who, after the Admiral, was the most incandescent figure in the saga of the New World. Cortés was born in the remote province of Extremadura, whence he set out for the Indies at the age of 19. In 1519 he landed in Mexico with 580 men, 16 horses, and ten bronze cannon. The confrontation between two civilizations that ensued was perhaps the most dramatic on record; its legacy has continued to shape the Western Hemisphere and indeed the world. Cortés became a myth as well as a historic personage, and the conflict and confusion between the two have shrouded Mexican history ever since. Cortés returned at length to Spain and an uncertain place at the court of the Emperor Charles V, at whose feet he had laid such stupendous riches and power. He died in the shadows, something between an official hero and an unofficial encumbrance. "Like Columbus before him," wrote William Prescott at the end of his classic *The Conquest of Mexico*, "Cortés was to discover that it is possible to deserve too greatly."

COMO *Passion*

Unidentified flying objects are thriving in Italy, whatever their fortunes elsewhere. Since the phenomenon was first observed, in the form of a flying saucer, in 1947, there have been 450 recorded instances of UFOs in the peninsula. A congress of "ufologists" here recently took stock of current circumstances and reviewed a voluminous chronology of UFO sightings, as yet unpublished, by prominent ufologist Maurizio Verga. Just the other day there were two such sightings, although the word could properly be applied to only one of them: The other was invisible to the naked eye and only appeared as a blip on a radar screen in Padua. Most of the recorded instances come under the heading of "close encounters," that is, they have rational settings, and only a few cases defy any kind of explanation, technical or scientific. As for actual contact with extraterrestrial beings, Verga is cautious and says there is no substantiated case, while Dr. Massimo Cantoni, another ufologist, averred forthrightly that anyone who claims to have such contacts is "experiencing a psychic disturbance." Meanwhile, Verga says that those cases which have no apparent explanation, which are "mysteries," are the ones "which excite our passion."

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Pity the Anglo-Irish agreement was only a top-level one."

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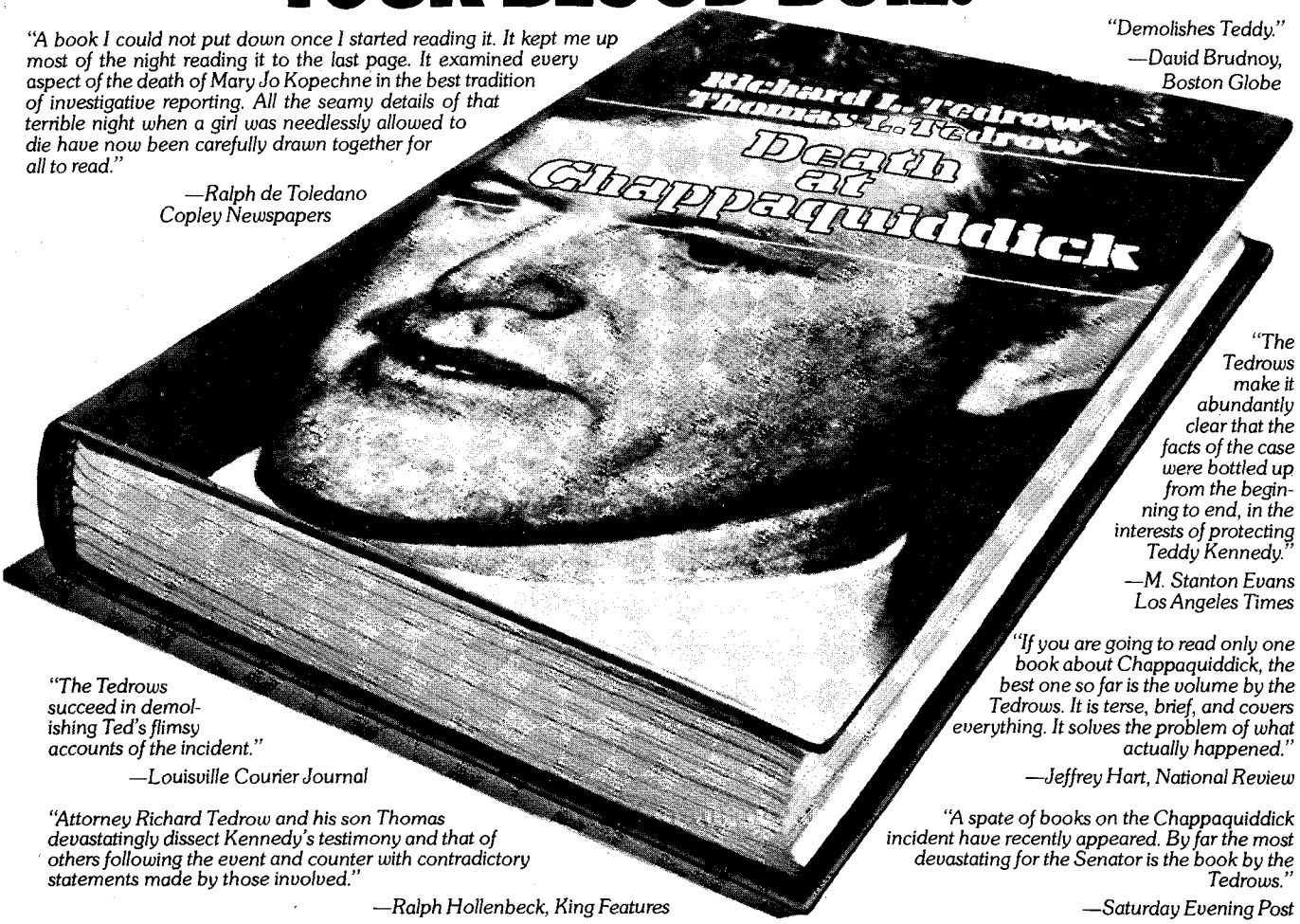
Copley Newspapers



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POST-SYNOD ELATION

THE WORLD'S PRESS, being insufficiently trinitarian, discussed the Extraordinary Synod in Rome in two terms: traditionalists *v.* progressives. In the world the Trinity made, however, reality comes in threes.

It is absurd to call Pope John Paul II a traditionalist. Seldom has there been a more future-oriented pope, such a visionary activist. It would also be wrong to call him a "progressive"; the "progressives" hate him. The Pope criticizes *both* traditionalists and progressives.

True, the progressives call everybody to their right "conservative." If by a "neoconservative" we mean a nontraditionalist who criticizes the illusions of progressives, then the Pope is a neoconservative. And the Extraordinary Synod was a neoconservative synod. Also, a smash success.

Most English-speaking bishops—from South Africa and Australia to Britain and the United States—wished to claim more autonomy for the national conferences of bishops, thus crimping Rome's authority by claiming new authority for themselves. Third World bishops were not swayed.

Many of these Third World bishops are severely limited by national politics in their unfree lands. They desperately desire to speak with the authority of the Pope and as an international Church, rather than in their own weak voices. For them, the papacy is a liberating authority. The English-speaking bishops were quietly but steadily rebuffed.

Thus, the Extraordinary Synod concluded that the question of the authority, *if there be any such*, of the national conferences will be "studied." And it will be studied by *Rome*. The unity of the Church depends on that. Many see a danger that national and regional conferences will one day be swept by local passions into a kind of sectarianism: a church divided. The papacy is not only a *symbol* of unity. It has the *authority* of unity. It is a protection against powerful centrifugal passions.

Some progressives also tried vainly to stoke animosity against the Curia, the administrative and authoritative assistants of the Pope. At Vatican II, about 80 per cent of the curial officials were Italians. Now, however, the Curia is thoroughly internationalized.

The Catholic Church as an institution is not like any other political body: not a monarchy, nor a republic, nor a democracy. Every single bishop in his individuality is a locus of teaching authority—*but only when he is in union with the bishop of Rome*. The authority of the bishop of Rome, who cannot just make things up, comes (in institutional terms) from being in union with the entire body of the Church, not just today but yesterday and tomorrow. The consensus of all the world's bishops, in union with the bishop of Rome, is the Church's best check upon its own orthodoxy.

Again, the intellectual and the liturgical life of the Church since Vatican II has been tragically buffeted by immense cultural currents of subjectivism and group dynamics. To choose a local example: Before Mass a priest urges parishioners to shake hands with their neighbors, and introduce themselves, so they can be a "real" community, as if "real" community comes from feelings of togetherness. This is absurd. Most of the "real" Catholic community consists of millions of persons already dead for hundreds of years and millions yet unborn. The "real" community is not one of touch and feeling, but far beyond that, an invisible community of fidelity across the ages.

Subjectivism, which holds that only that is "real" which is felt and experienced, betrays the faith. It is the same with joy. Christian joy springs from an inner sense of fidelity, no matter what the state of one's own personal feelings.

The exact correlative of modern subjectivism is political utopianism. Clearly, to hold the Christian faith is to incur obligations to one's fellow human beings in justice and in love —"social justice." Social justice is integral to faith. But social justice must be carefully distinguished from political utopianism, which always ends up murderous. (Is any "sign of the times" clearer? Since 1900, hundreds of millions have been killed by political messianism. Refugees from tyranny flood the world.) The same liturgical and intellectual subjectivists who try to "feel" their faith usually adopt as their political vision of "social justice" a wish-list, a fantasy of politics: in short, some form of socialism.

IF POPE JOHN PAUL II stands for anything, it is for neo-orthodoxy in two precise senses: 1) a clear sense of "vertical" transcendence, beyond feelings, through attachment to divine (not human) authority; and 2) a clear distinction on the "horizontal" plane between realistic social justice and all fantasies of worldly utopianism. This vertical and horizontal cross was his message at Puebla. This is his brief against utopian forms of "liberation theology." This is the essence of the "Report" (*Relatio*) of the Synod.

It was a glorious victory, the Extraordinary Synod. Quietly, steadily, the "progressives" were put on the run. Heavy criticism was directed at them. When they cite the "spirit" of Vatican II, they were clearly told, they should carefully measure it by the "letter." The letter also giveth life.

Neoconservative Pope, neoconservative Synod: for the progressives, no more free ride; for the traditionalists, a Church still on the move. This movement, perhaps best called neo-orthodoxy, is in the direction of utmost fidelity to the God Who called this people into being. *Deo gratias!* □

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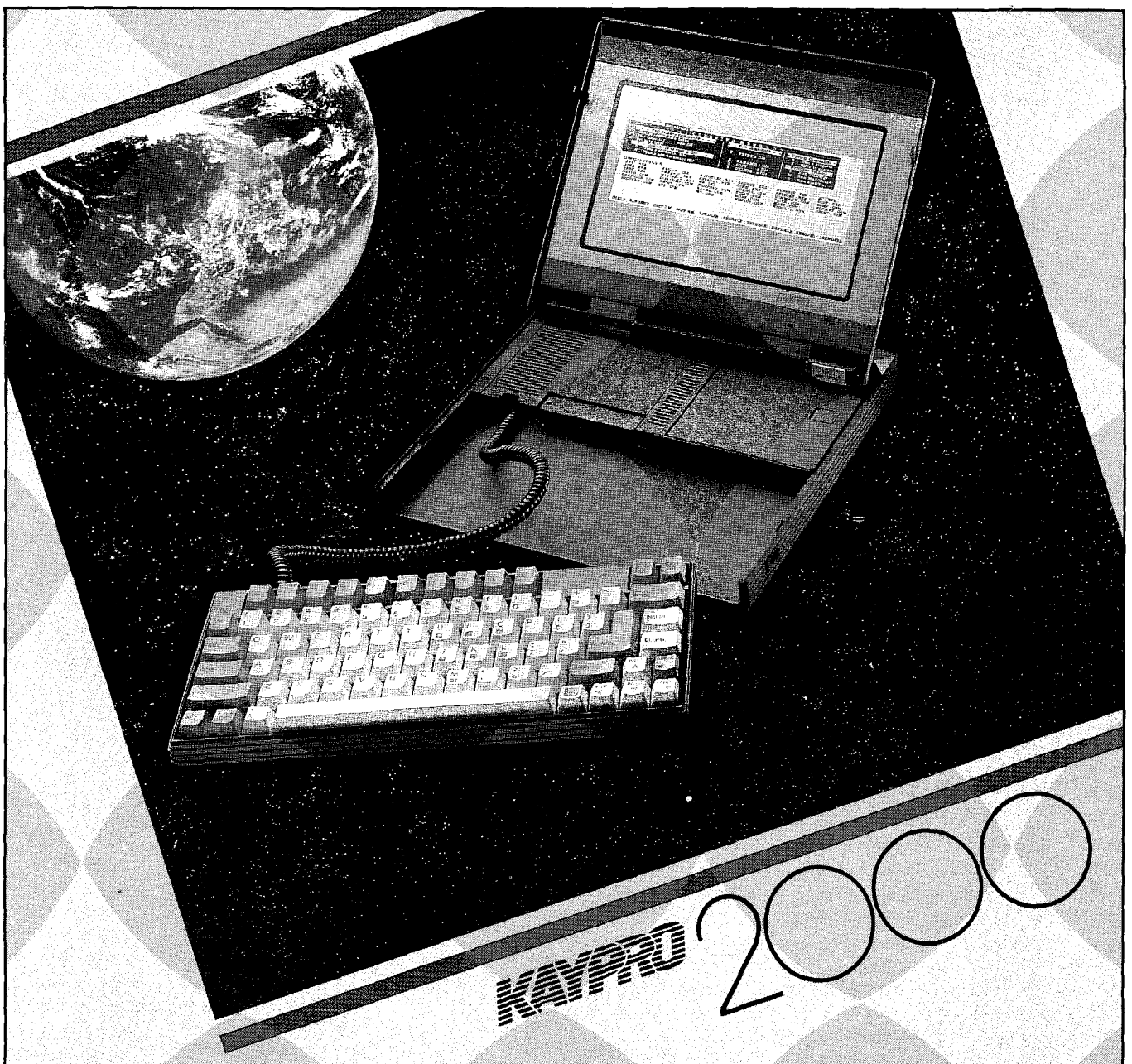

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OF LIGHT

IN 1704 Isaac Newton published his *Opticks*, addressed to "Readers of quick Wit and Understanding." He concludes his text with a series of questions for further study. All the world knows his "Query I," which beat Einstein to the punch by more than two hundred years: "Do not bodies act upon light at a distance, and by their action bend its rays, and is not this action strongest at the least distance?"

He was pointing his finger at something that had not yet been named: the quantum theory of light. But everyone knew that light behaved, also, as sheer energy: the wave theory.

Centuries passed, and this schizoid approach to light received no balm of Gilead. Einstein, to be sure, rightly made some kind of connection between energy and matter and the *speed* of light, but spent the rest of his life in a vain attempt to find the formula that would describe the various ways in which we find matter expressing energy: gravity, magnetism, electromagnetism, light, the forces restraining the atom (now called "weak"), the forces containing the nucleus (now called "strong"). Einstein was looking for a "unified field" theory, one to explain all aspects of the energy and attraction found in matter and light (which is both matter and energy . . . ?).

Modern physicists have got so deep into the atom that they no longer talk in terms of things but in terms of statistical probabilities. Everything that goes on inside the atom (i.e., everything in the world) has two aspects, mass and motion, and you can measure each one to perfection, but as soon as you have got one you have lost the other. You cannot have both at the same time.

Light, then, is important because it is both mass and motion, and Who should have recognized this more clearly than the Lord? For He created an empty shell the first day (*Terra autem erat inanis et vacua*) and filled it with matter and energy on the second, when He killed both birds with one stone: *Dixitque Deus: Fiat lux. Et facta est lux . . . Appellavitque lucem Diem. . . .* It was fashionable a thousand years ago to make much weather out of the common origins of *Deus* and *dies*, but the pun doesn't exist in other languages. Let it be said simply that the Old Testament anticipated Newton in placing light as the primal act of creation: light, the combination of energy and matter, filling the void and the abyss of the framework laid down the first day.

A PROFESSOR of mathematics paid us a visit not long ago here on our hilltop in New Hampshire and told me what I had already come to understand, that all front-rank physicists these days are studying theology. (Newton, in his own day, was renowned as a theologian.) It seems that the unashamed individuality inside the atom (left-hand spins, right-hand spins, quirkiness, quarkiness), the splendid balance of it all, and the H-bomb power of the mutual attraction ("love"?) that makes everything hang together—it seems that these visions are driving the laboratory men to their knees.

Light, as we all know, contains a spectrum, which Newton separated with his prism. Strange that white light, the symbol of purity, should be the summation of all discolorations. *Amor vincit omnia.* And again: Light may stand as a metaphor for one of the cosmogonies, the "big-bang" theory, which holds that He Who Shall Be Nameless created the Heaven and the Earth in one fell swoop.

The big-bang theory seems necessary if you are going to have a unified-field theory. First there was the big bang, and later there were repercussions: gravity, magnetism, and so on (and I would not exclude the love of men and women).

If light itself is a "unified field" in some sense, then the big-bang theory seems closer to ratification by modern procedures, these comforting end-runs made around the wall of faith.

Without knowing what to do or say about it, I keep running into the clearest intimations of this interchangeableness of light and energy. A television program, *Nova*, on October 22, had to do with research into the atomic nucleus, and included this phrase, which I wrote down at the time: "a proton breaking up and sending off a flash of light."

So the physicists have got that far: They can bombard an atom until it turns matter (mass? energy? statistics?) into light. They are reversing the Lord's procedures of Day Two.

Meanwhile, you will recall, a year or two ago a team of space-age scientists from this country and others spent several weeks in Italy, subjecting the Shroud of Turin to all manner of clinical tests. Non-believers went and came home believers. There was no explanation available to modern science for what they had observed and measured. A book published by the scientists stated at the end that what appeared to have happened approximately two thousand years ago in the Near East in this piece of fine linen cloth was that a material body was changed to pure energy, in a fraction of a moment, at a withering heat, so that the result was a "scorch" of unnamable origin on the shroud. And because the "scorch" was a photographic negative, the form of the energy had to have been pure light. This is what the scientists said, a year or two ago.

What Isaac Newton said, in 1704, in Query XXX of his fine work on *Opticks*, may be added to the discussion now. He asked: "Why may not Nature change bodies into light, and light into bodies?" □

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

A FORM OF MADNESS

William Tucker

Toxic Terror, by Elizabeth Whelan (Jameson, 368 pp., $18.95)

THE ANTI-ENVIRONMENTAL movement is still looking for its Rachel Carson. Elizabeth Whelan is not going to fill that role just yet. But she may do until someone more lyrical comes along.

Mrs. Whelan holds a doctorate in public health from Harvard Medical School, and she is executive director of the American Council on Health and Science. In *Toxic Terror* she has taken on the formidable task of trying to undo almost two decades of public hysteria over a broad spectrum of environmental issues.

For the most part she is successful. Some of her arguments are a little less than convincing, and she often feels compelled to assure us that nothing ever happened at Love Canal, Three Mile Island, or anywhere else, except "media hysteria." She also tends to get bogged down in paragraphs like this:

> The recommended definition of *inhalable particulate matter* encompasses most particles less than 15 μm. in diameter . . . A second cutoff point of 2.5 μm. separates the fraction of fine inhalable particulates, which penetrate to the deepest regions of the lung. An advantage of the 2.5-μm. cutoff is the separation of particles according to chemical composition.

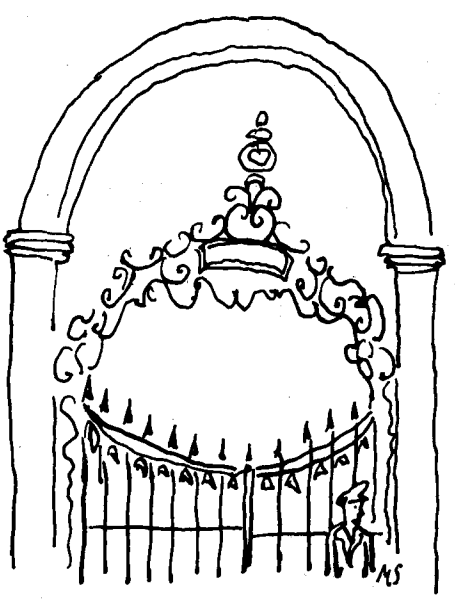
But for the most part her message is hard and true. Americans are being frightened—terrorized, in fact—by the misperception that "chemicals are killing us" and that we are living in an "age of cancer."

In truth, Americans have never been healthier. The average person now lives close to the lifetime built into our genetic makeup. New technology is constantly conserving old resources. One of our most Faustian accomplishments has been an ever-increasing ability to identify vanishingly small traces of chemicals that have been labeled "potential carcinogens."

As Edith Efron has documented even more ambitiously in her book *The Apocalyptics*, however, we have always lived in a "sea of carcinogens." Our bodies have long since learned to deal with whatever damage these trace chemicals—both natural and artificial—may do. In the light of this, the pursuit of an environment free of "potential carcinogens" is really a form of madness.

Like Miss Efron, Mrs. Whelan traces the practice of scaring people out of their wits to a hybrid discipline called "regulatory science." As perfected by a small but highly audible group of activists, regulatory science usually consists of grabbing incomplete information or vague one-shot test results and running to the media. A remarkable number of the "chemical panics" in recent years have been set off by the "leaking" of highly dubious information by a single crusading scientist or environmentalist.

One notable example is the 1978 announcement by Joseph Califano, then Secretary of HEW, that at least 20 per cent—and possibly 40 per cent—of all cancers in America were "occupational." Mr. Califano's observations seemed to be part of a general suggestion that HEW take over the supervision of American industry in order to "protect workers' health."



No one has ever figured out how Califano came up with that 20 to 40 per cent figure. The source seems to have been a report prepared by nine distinguished scientists from the several major health institutes, and someone apparently made a highly questionable extrapolation from the statistics. Eight years later, the consensus among cancer specialists is what it was in 1978—that about 5 per cent of cancers are occupational. Yet Califano's brief remarks had enormous impact, and are still repeated regularly in environmental literature.

So it is with a whole list of other issues. The tarring and feathering of DDT is a classic public panic that could probably be compared to the Salem witch trials—except that DDT was not witchcraft but the most beneficial chemical ever invented, the saver of millions and millions of lives.

Trace exposures to dioxin—"the most toxic substance ever made by man"—

Matthew J. Bruccoli, Jefferies Professor of English at the University of South Carolina, is the author of Some Sort of Epic Grandeur: The Life of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

James J. Kilpatrick is a syndicated columnist and the author of numerous books, the most recent being the highly acclaimed The Writer's Art.

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of Hemingway: A Biography, *published by Harper & Row and reviewed in this issue.*

William Tucker is the author of Progress & Privilege *and* Vigilante: The Backlash against Crime in America, *just released by Stein & Day.*

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produce nothing more than a bad skin rash that disappears in a few months. Yet the Environmental Protection Agency, fearing an "epidemic of birth defects," purchased the entire town of Times Beach, Missouri, after one family suffered critical illnesses when a large quantity of dioxin was accidentally sprayed on their horse track. In Seveso, Italy, where an entire population was doused with dioxin in 1976, no birth defects, reproductive failures, or other long-term health effects have yet appeared.

Nuclear power, of course, is a story all by itself. Here the environmentalists have essentially won the war, panicking the public and bringing the nuclear-power industry to a standstill.

What is remarkable is how lightly environmentalists escape when their own technological programs go awry. The supposed alternative to nuclear power —Amory Lovins's "soft path"—has been racked with unexpected difficulties. The urea-formaldehyde used to retrofit homes with insulation has already produced a major panic (which Mrs. Whelan says is exaggerated). Tightened indoor air circulation has increased everyone's exposure to air pollutants. Wood-burning stoves have become the major source of air pollution in many rural areas. And Friends of the Earth —Lovins's home organization—is fighting the construction of small hydroelectric dams on the grounds that they endanger fish.

Yet no one ever puts the pieces together. "Alternative energy" is still regarded as the model of benign technology, while nuclear power—which has an essentially perfect safety record—is considered the nation's number-one technological enemy.

In many ways, though, the toxic-terror syndrome has exhausted itself. The public obviously reached its limit in 1979 when the FDA tried to ban saccharin. There have been occasional public hangings since then—the pesticide EDB is the notable example—but the days when Ralph Nader could announce the "carcinogen of the week" are essentially over.

What I distrust about Elizabeth Whelan's book is her absolute faith that science and scientists hold all the answers. Although they are certainly closer to reality than environmental crusaders and reporters, scientists also have their problems. They are maddeningly cautious, often absolutely refus-

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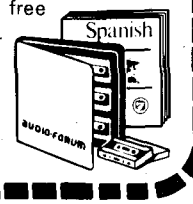

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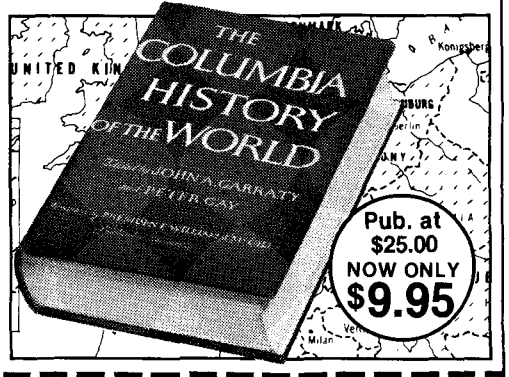

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ing to generalize or to state the obvious because of peer pressure, or for fear of the charge that they are "out of their field." "Peer review," in which Mrs. Whelan places so much faith, often reduces itself to backbiting in which scientists cavalierly dismiss each other's work on the basis of small technical errors. (Mrs. Whelan engages in quite a bit of this herself.)

It is obvious that there are some risks in an industrial society. As Mrs. Whelan points out, the incidence of cancer—even apart from smoking-related lung cancers—has risen fairly steadily over the last two decades. This has been offset, however, by improved detection and medical treatment, which have driven cancer mortality steadily downward. Thus, there are risks to technological change, but there are offsetting advantages. The question is which risks are worth taking.

Environmentalists have flourished by providing the public with the myth that the state of nature is risk-free, and that problems arise only as the fruits of technology.

Elizabeth Whelan has done a heroic job of showing us the absurdity of this premise. But the notion that science can resolve all our difficulties is also a delusion. Ultimately, our willingness to face risks will depend not on the abilities of our scientists, but on the character of our culture. □

RANDOM NOTES

□ MORE JANUARY TITLES: *Afghanistan: The Soviet War* (St. Martin's, $19.95), by Edward R. Girardet, looks to be one of the best books out on the subject (the author, a talented war reporter, was formerly a correspondent for the *MacNeil-Lehrer Report*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*'s man in Afghanistan). To date, the USSR has spent from $3 to $4 billion on the Afghans and lost perhaps forty thousand men to them, with no end in sight.

Untended Gates: The Mismanaged Press (Columbia, $20), by Norman E. Isaacs, is a lusty attack on journalistic ethics by a newspaper editor who has served as chairman of the National News Council and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

In *Winning Back the Sky: A Tactical Analysis of Terrorism* (Saybrook/Norton, $14.95), David G. Hubbard, MD, identifies the "typical" hijacker as weak, physically inept, and subject to childish daydreams. "Find out what the terrorists want," he advises, "and don't give it to them." Next, control the media's treatment of events. Finally, don't hesitate to sacrifice innocent life to both international law and principle.

The Burning Forest: Essays on Chinese Culture and Politics (Holt, Rinehart, $16.95), by Simon Leys, the author of *Chinese Shadows*, describes the destruction of China's classical culture (the forest) by Communism (the fire) in a collection of superb essays.

Reinhold Niebuhr: A Biography (Pantheon, $19.95), by Richard W. Fox, looks to be an interesting-enough study of among the most eminent—as well as the more ambivalent—theologians of modern times.

□ COMING IN FEBRUARY: In *The First Liberty: Religion and the American Republic* (Knopf, $24.95), William Lee Miller examines the constitutional basis for religious freedom, with particular emphasis on the growth of the concept of public virtue (shared by Roger Williams and James Madison) as the secular equivalent of a state religion. —CW

UTTER BUTTER

James J. Kilpatrick

Right Reason, by William F. Buckley Jr. (Doubleday, 454 pp., $19.95)

IS IT A chrestomathy? A collection? An anthology? Whatever it is, this latest volume from the genial gentleman who helms this magazine is Buckley at his stylish best.

The master of revels at NATIONAL REVIEW sailed past his sixtieth birthday on November 24. He matches the young Cleopatra. Age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety. In this omnium-gatherum, edited splendidly by Richard Brookhiser, Buckley looks at Mexico, at Poland, at Spain. He writes about Karl Marx, Pope Paul VI, and Henry Kissinger. He concludes that style in human relations is largely a matter of timing. He offers a paean to peanut butter, as follows:

I know that I shall never see
A poem lovely as Skippy's peanut butter.

This he grandly describes as "a couplet." If he had composed some such rhapsody as "I know that I shall never utter / Two words to rank with peanut butter," he would have had a respectable couplet, but no matter. When Buckley attacks the language, the language had better get the hell out of the way.

Let me turn around on this business of style. I have known and corresponded with the ineffable WFB for 25 years and have delighted in his company; I have read twenty of his books and hundreds of his columns, and except when he instructs me in navigation I have understood most of them. Long ago I concluded that style is half of what Buckley has going for him. I am not thinking of his neckties, dummy; everyone knows that Buckley's ties are thirty years old and that he wears the two of them on alternate days. I am thinking of style totally.

Right Reason opens with an essay Buckley wrote in response to critics who attacked his book *Overdrive*. Most readers will recall that *Overdrive*, like the earlier *Cruising Speed*, was a journal of one week in his life. The book stirred up an astonishing response—a response distilled from awe and envy, but mostly from envy. *Kirkus Reviews* called the work "tedious at best, sleekly loathsome at worst." The *San Francisco Chronicle* called it overdone, overwritten, and overblown. Nora Ephron, in the *New York Times*, found parts of it "appalling." Some really mean things also were said about it.

The reaction of these green-eyed critics, if I am not mistaken, was miles removed from the reaction of thousands of persons who bought the book and found it absorbing. Buckley was writing happily and engagingly about his own lifestyle, and in the world of arts and letters this is a lifestyle that few can enjoy with equal gusto. I delighted in the book, but, as Buckley says, the major reviews were terrible.

It is a pleasure to read his response to the critics, for this is pure Bill. If your purpose is to tick someone off, this is how it should be done—stylishly, with grace and civility and an unbuttoned foil. In this same way he disposes of Henry Fairlie: "To the great relief of Great Britain, he is an expatriate." He contemplates a welcoming address by Yale's president A. Bartlett Giamatti to the freshman class of 1981: "To be lectured against the perils of the Moral Majority on entering Yale is on the order of being lectured on the danger of bedbugs on entering a

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brothel." He takes on the Reverend Jesse Jackson, a "man of transient fixations." But in the 13 pieces that Brookhiser has grouped under the heading of "Assailing," you will never see the red eye of anger or hear the coarse voice of rage. This is style.

A second group of 22 writings, chosen almost entirely from Buckley's syndicated columns, deals mostly with foreign affairs. In a third section we find nine essays defined as "Commenting." The fourth and longest section embraces 37 selections described as "Reflecting." We then get a taste of "Notes & Asides" from NATIONAL REVIEW, and in a final section Brookhiser has chosen twenty pieces in which Buckley is "Appreciating." Every one of these hundred-plus passages of English prose is written with—style.

In that observation I am not thinking so much of grace, or manners, or civility, but this time of style in writing. If you were putting Bill's stuff to music, you would score it for harpsichord and cello, two good muscular instruments that sound best only when a virtuoso plays them. The criticism is made—I have made it unavailingly, myself—that my friend employs too many hard words, unfamiliar words, the kind of words that Westbrook Pegler called out-of-town words. Such objections leave him puzzled: The words, he says, are not unfamiliar to *him*. Let others look them up. It is the Marie Antoinette school of prose composition. He has another explanation for using all ten-tenths of Webster's Third. He once was asked why he wrote "irenic" when he could have written "peaceful." "I needed an extra syllable," he said. Precisely. Cadence matters. It is a major element of style.

What's the other half? I said that style was half of what makes Buckley's work such a constant pleasure to read. The other half is substance. All of us in our racket, the syndicated-column racket, write thumb-suckers now and then. These are the pieces that wash thinly over a topic and leave no residue of thought behind. We had nothing to say that was worth saying in the first place. Bill writes very few of these. He nearly always has something thoughtful to say, and even his throwaway pieces—such as the column he wrote when he got mad at Varig, the Brazilian airline—are thumb-suckers of a different sort. Buckley reads, listens, experiences, thinks. They say his stuff is infuriating. I find it a joy. □

CENTRISM RAMPANT

Joseph Sobran

Cutting Edges: Making Sense of the '80s, by Charles Krauthammer (Random House, 221 pp., $17.95)

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER is so judicious he makes George Will look like a mud wrestler. He is judiciously equidistant between Left and Right on all sorts of issues; he stands for "centrism" in politics; his tone is Solomonic. I was going to read *Cutting Edges*, a collection of his columns and essays,

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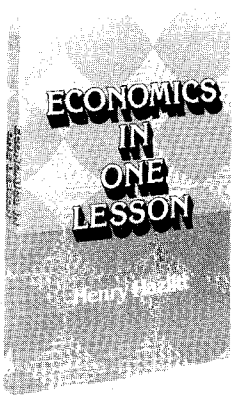

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in the bathtub, but it seemed a little improper somehow.

At times Mr. Krauthammer does sound a bit passionate, even vexed, as on such disparate subjects as Saudi Arabia, Syria, Yasir Arafat, King Hussein, President Mubarak, Adolf Hitler, President Reagan's trip to Bitburg, terrorism, the Palestine Liberation Organization, and people who talk about so-called Palestinian "rights." (Only one politician seems to have been fully to his liking, namely the late Senator Henry Jackson, a model centrist.) As a rule, though, he keeps his temper.

In an essay on religion and politics, Mr. Krauthammer characteristically pleads for "evenhandedness." But he does take sides in the famous dispute between Governor Mario Cuomo and Archbishop (now Cardinal) John O'Connor:

> It may be a question of nuance, but I think Cuomo has the nuance right. Churches are not quite like democracy's other voluntary associations: One doesn't check into and out of the Catholic Church the way one does, say, the League of Women Voters. For one thing, no one has yet been born into the League. The church is also accorded certain privileges and immunities, like immunity from taxation, in return for which it is reasonable to demand that, beyond principle and policy, it not engage in partisanship, which involves the allocation of power.

Well said. And something like it might be said of the broad coalition of clergymen who endorsed Walter Mondale for President. Oddly enough, Mr. Krauthammer doesn't mention this; perhaps he has a slight blind spot for his fellow centrists.

All of which is only to say that he is judiciously judicious, rather than recklessly and randomly judicious. Once you know where he is coming from—the general direction of *The New Republic*—everything falls into place, and you admire the skill with which, in any given essay, he covers his tracks.

Thus we find him in an evenhanded mood again as between secularists and sectarians. The secularists are wrong to want to ban all public expression of religion; but the sectarians are wrong to want Christmas crèches on public property, and President Reagan is "seriously overstepping the bounds of the civil religion" when he alludes to the Redemption. Ah, centrism!

Writing of the British coal strike, Mr. Krauthammer once again achieves a centrist equidistance: "Arthur Scargill is a Stalinist provocateur, Margaret Thatcher an iron lady. Both have a high tolerance for other people's pain." And an equal respect for other people's rights?

The tone is a little too lofty. Mr. Krauthammer hasn't earned the right to look down so scornfully on both sides, in the manner of those liberals who deplore the behavior of "the two superpowers." What he calls "the Right" is by and large the core—the real center—of the West, and it won't do to make facile equations between that and "the Left," the enemies of the West, as if you could find moderation by splitting the difference. His posture is an evasion. He has his own style of carefully calibrated alienation: He may reject the Left and agree largely with the Right, but he affects the leftist's pose of superiority to the environment that sustains him.

Ah! he laments. If only we had another Henry Jackson! But alas! Well, beggin' yer pardon, I remember Henry Jackson well; not a bad man, maybe, but a faithful servitor of special interests, and the posthumous attempt to endow him with statesmanship is an exercise in moral taxidermy.

Again: "With little prospect of winning converts, both sides in the abortion debate have turned to capturing words. . . . One side plumbs the lexicon of slavery and Dachau; the other speaks medical jargon and clothes its opponents in every variety of political intolerance. There is not the slightest recognition on either side," etc. Mr. Krauthammer is forever sitting in judgment above Both Sides. He owes nothing to either.

"Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise," says the Fool to Lear. Mr. Krauthammer maybe shouldn't have been quite so wise until he got a little older. He is a very bright young man, and a lot of his essays make fine points, especially one on nuclear deterrence, which resolves the conundrum better than any other piece I've seen on the subject. But that perpetual priggishness, that bogus objectivity, though not too noticeable in any single essay, gets very wearing after two hundred pages. I don't trust people who pretend they aren't taking sides when they are. Even if they're more or less on my side.

The last pair of essays, on Bitburg, shows Mr. Krauthammer engaging in a bit of kraut-hammering. He tells us: "There is such a thing as a corporate identity. . . . Collective responsibility is an elementary principle of national life." He wants to stigmatize Germany, and he makes a careful distinction between collective responsibility and collective guilt, but I'm afraid I still don't get it. How far does he want to take the principle of group responsibility, and to whom does he want to apply it? Hitler certainly believed in that principle; there is some truth in it,

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morally speaking. But it ought to be kept out of politics as much as possible. Hitler also showed the potency of the politics of recrimination. When it comes to dividing up the blame, we all, including Mr. Krauthammer, tend to think we belong to the innocent side. It may not look that way to the others, though. "Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest." I'd have thought that was a centrist insight. □

CHEAP FEEL

D. Keith Mano

The Journals of Thornton Wilder (1939-1961), edited by Donald Gallup (Yale, 364 pp., $25)

JOURNAL-KEEPING is a kind of self-collaboration. I suppose most writers experiment with it now and again. I, for one, can't think at all until there is a pencil between middle finger and thumb. In journal style half my brain will interrogate the other half. I'm not sure whether first person plural or second person singular is a more appropriate form of address. ("Let's see, Keith. In this novel you have the co-op review board symbolizing Final Judgment. Then George, an animal grief counselor at Bide-A-Wee, would be Christ, so . . . so . . . So, are you, we, out of our mind? Get off the culture bus and try again.") It isn't *writing*, yet it is more substantial, more set, than reflection. The longhand physical act can liberate subconscious processes. It is also a useful (if often embarrassing) record. Wilder knew this. His journal was "not a collection of digested finalities, but a technique for stimulating idea manufacture and for maintaining the momentum of idea production." Precisely. And I reckon it is no one's business but mine. Or his.

This collection damages Wilder ultimately. First of all, it is fragmented, sad, and as tedious to read as tariff law. Wilder writes very well in rough draft: prose style isn't the kicker here. But journals, by nature, are meant to be free-form, allusive (Wilder, mind you, can allude in untranslated French, German, and Spanish). I'd rather take inventory at a drive-in-movie flea market. Often one is helpless to follow eked-out plotline or character development (in particular when the play

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or novel never got written). His literary criticism, if bright enough on occasion, requires intricate knowledge of Poe or Lope de Vega or whomever. Almost no personal anecdote has been allowed (either by Wilder or by Donald Gallup, his editor). Wilder spent rather much time, it would appear, at dinner with [X]. Worse, after fog-lamping your way through three pages of Mandarin and sententious opinion his next remark might be, ". . . led on to too many cocktails . . . and . . . launched out into all that incoherent rubbish." Now he tells you.

Furthermore, 1945-1961 was a disenchanting period for Wilder. I can't believe this reticent man would've wanted his creative *Angst* and ineptitude made public. He couldn't seem to finish anything. His imaginative range and stamina shrank. From novelist he had turned playwright, then academic critic, then librettist, then one-act playwright, then four-minute playwright. Much of his journal will dither with one drama, *The Emporium* (two ghastly scenes are included here). Wilder stole Kafka blind for both concept and tone, but he couldn't even plagiarize well. *The Emporium* got about as far as 3-D television after more than a decade's desultory work. Wilder understood what his ranking in American literature was. "Pressures of reputation have always tended to make me figure larger than I am." But he was stuck. People kept on handing him prizes, it could drive a sensitive man mad.

Most of all—aside from homespun and charitable humanism—Wilder had nothing much to say. At best he could manage the higher platitudes. This shamed him. Yet, honest soul that he was, Wilder wouldn't fake passion. "I'd have to have an idea subtending it (*had* to, merely because I am I, not because any theory of dramaturgy requires)." But the Christian God didn't attract him. And his critical sense debunked current faiths. Actually literature, or thought-in-literature, was religion for Wilder: he borrowed not just from Kafka, but from Kierkegaard, Gertrude Stein, Cervantes, Greek drama. Yet his clearest thinking is about pure craft: omniscience, narrative shape, point of view, voice. That technical alertness probably was what allowed him to break dramatic convention with such éclat in *Our Town* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*. By 1954, however, he felt this had become hollow showmanship. "I must shake my whole self and learn what I do and do not believe or else eschew such themes altogether. I am ashamed of this lukewarm imitation dilettante religiosity."

Wilder was a frank, unpretentious fellow: most content when parsing Joyce or Poe. (He became expert on the chronology of Lope de Vega's work. An undemanding game that enthralled him.) "I was, for long stretches of time, happy and that happiness would have been sufficient had I not known hours of a different sort of creativity." As recorded here, though, his stumblebum progress from one impossible plotline to another in play after play is both mournful and grotesque. It was a burden (if, no doubt, a profitable one) being Thornton Wilder. Reputation had murdered his youthful, facile writer's enthusiasm. "It may take a long time to re-fire the center of the mind and I am old."

Even posthumously, Wilder doesn't deserve this wanton and insensitive cheap feel. As for me, I'm making a trip to the incinerator right now. □

HEMINGWAY: NEW PERSPECTIVES

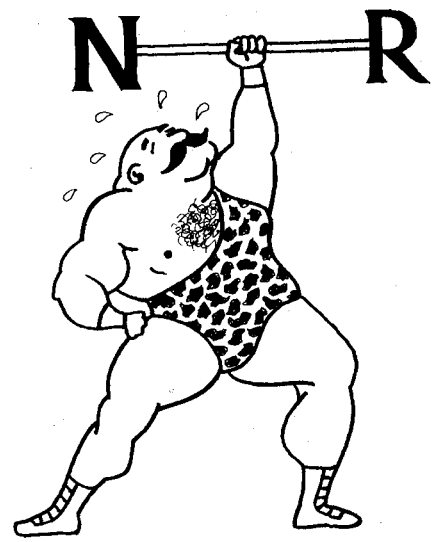
PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER AS A LIAR

Matthew J. Bruccoli

Along with Youth: Hemingway, The Early Years, by Peter Griffin (Oxford, 258 pp., $17.95)

Hemingway: A Biography, by Jeffrey Meyers (Harper & Row, 644 pp., $27.50)

ARE THESE two new Hemingway biographies obligatory? Yes. They provide more facts about this figure who continually mythologized himself, as well as useful interpretations of the evidence. Peter Griffin's book—the first of a projected multiple-volume project—takes Hemingway up to his first marriage and departure for Paris in 1921. Jeffrey Meyers's work covers the whole life. Both are meticulously researched and richly circumstantial, but it is to be regretted that *Along with Youth* is not footnoted. Together they function much as the interchapters and stories of *In Our Time* do—providing close-ups and long-shots.



Peter Griffin has been the recipient of unwarranted abuse because he prints five unpublished apprentice works by Hemingway. The abusers have opaquely charged that this material is bad and not worth resurrecting: the familiar complaint about "wastebasket scholarship." Mr. Griffin makes no claims for the merit of these stories; he presents them as evidence of how Hemingway learned to refine his technique and find a controlling point of view. Their very badness—with anticipatory flashes of later achievement—renders them instructive. The ponderous facetiousness of "When you enter the room, and you will have no more chance than the zoological entrant in the famous camel-needle's-eye gymkhana of entering the room unless you are approved by Cambrinus, there will be a sudden silence" provides a gauge of how far and how rapidly Hemingway developed. Yet the vignettes in "Crossroads" are so good that one wonders if Mr. Griffin has misdated them; they seem to belong with the style-forging Paris work of the early Twenties rather than with the 1919 imitative pieces. The detailed account of Hemingway's courtship of Hadley Richardson, with generous excerpts from their love letters, is a valuable gap-filler, pointing out the need for a comprehensive edition of Hemingway's correspondence. Indeed, both biographies demonstrate that there is more work to be done.

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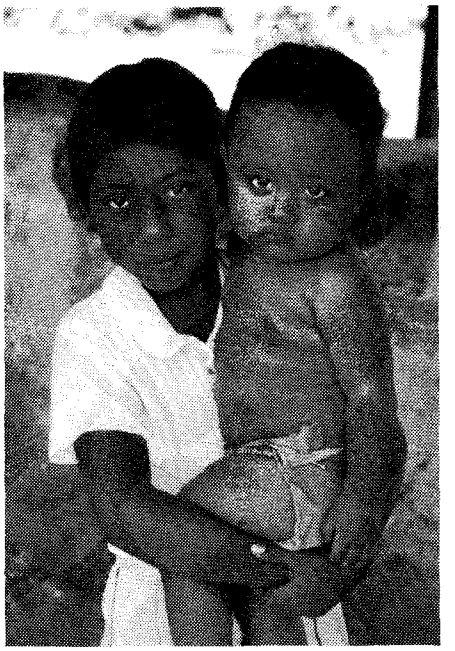

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Jeffrey Meyers's full-scale biography does not replace Carlos Baker's 1969 *Hemingway: A Life Story*; neither does it merely supplement it. These two major books constitute a joint biography. Serious Hemingway people will need to read them in tandem. One difference between the approaches of Baker and Meyers is that Baker manifests a growing uneasiness or distress as he reveals that his hero was a son of a bitch, whereas Meyers—perhaps in part because of Baker's work—has an objective and consistent view of Hemingway. Mr. Meyers deserves great credit for uncovering so much real gen, especially about Hemingway's last two decades—providing a record of the process whereby mythomania became megalomania. There is new information about Hemingway's World War II counter-spy activities in Cuba and the resulting difficulties with the FBI (which did put him on its blacklist) and an appalling account of his treatment at the Mayo Clinic. Mr. Meyers is good at placing Hemingway in the literary world, but it must be noted that he has a weakness for the nonfunctional comparison.

Peter Griffin and Jeffrey Meyers accept the widely held explanation that the Hemingway code and ultimately the Hemingway canon grew out of his World War I initiation experiences—his exposure to violent death and his own wounding. Yet the evidence indicates that this, too, was another exercise in Hemingway's self-mythologizing. He arrived at the Italian front in early June 1918; he drove a Red Cross ambulance for three weeks; he then distributed chocolate, postcards, and tobacco on the front lines for seven days; and on July 8 he was wounded by a Minenwerfer while in a forward observation post. He was not in combat. He was never even a soldier. The theory that this accident shaped his character and art seems distorted. All the interpretations of the traumatic consequences of the event derive from Hemingway's testimony. Since he was an inveterate fabricator and self-aggrandizer about everything else, it is difficult to accept his claims on this matter. The Great War did not test him and form him, although it educated him.

Edmund Wilson was altogether incorrect in describing Ernest Hemingway as his own worst-created character. These two admirable biographies reaffirm the instruction in reading about Hemingway's most interesting fictional invention. As he said of another writer in *A Moveable Feast*, ". . . when he was lying, he was more interesting than many men telling a true story." Peter Griffin and Jeffrey Meyers provide the lies and the corrective truth. They cannot, of course, tell us how he became HEMINGWAY. He was born that way. □

A CONVENTIONAL CHAP

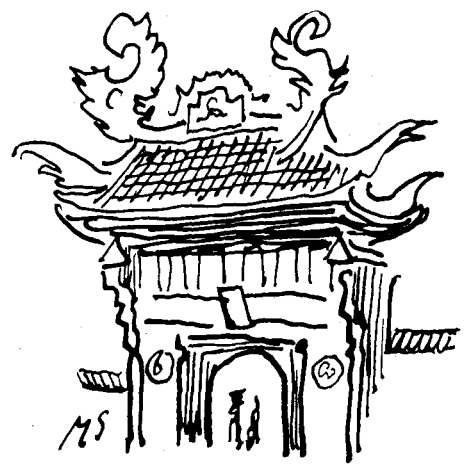
Jeffrey Meyers

Along with Youth: Hemingway, The Early Years, by Peter Griffin (Oxford, 258 pp., $17.95)

Dateline Toronto: The Complete "Toronto Star" Dispatches, by Ernest Hemingway, edited by William White (Scribner's, 478 pp., $19.95)

THE PUBLISHER claims that *Along with Youth* "promises to become the definitive Hemingway biography." Griffin's two important discoveries are Hemingway's letters to his Red Cross friend Bill Horne and new information about their commanding officer, Captain Jim Gamble. In the late 1970s, Mary Hemingway allowed Griffin to remove five early stories from the Hemingway Collection at the Kennedy Library and to print them in this book.

Hemingway's apprentice fiction was not good enough to publish in his lifetime. These stories, mixed in with Griffin's own text, bring his limping narrative to a halt. Though Griffin does not actually discuss these stories, he unconvincingly claims that Hemingway's style and vision were formed before he went to Paris. Just as birth anticipates death, so, for Griffin, everything written in youth "anticipates the mature Hemingway voice." Hemingway's style was not modeled on Tolstoy, Kipling, Crane, Stein, Joyce, and Pound, but on the "unaffected in tone, sonorous, rhythmical" letters of his first wife, Hadley, which "set a standard for Ernest." Since dozens of Hadley's repetitious letters are quoted, we can judge how characteristic sentences—"I wanted to run down and holler my undying affection in your too distant ear" and "I love you so highly and lowly and like a boy and girl warmly"—influenced her husband.



Both the method and the accuracy of this biography are radically flawed. Based on a dissertation, it is amateurishly padded with long and sometimes pointless quotes. Griffin, with a keen eye for the non-essential, spends two full pages on an uneventful train ride from Chicago to New York. He cannot distinguish between petty and significant detail, or, when presenting evidence, between fact, fiction, and fantasy. Though dissatisfied with Carlos Baker's biography, he lacks Baker's originality and precision, repeats all his faults, and presents a compendium of trivial facts—without analysis, interpretation, or insight. He maintains that Hemingway's father gave "a rousing speech about adolescent sexuality," although we know that Clarence Hemingway was extremely reticent about sex. He unaccountably calls *Death in the Afternoon* Hemingway's "own *Life on the Mississippi*" (on another page, he refers to Twain's book as *Old Tunes on the Mississippi*). And he completely misreads the character of Hemingway's first love, the sophisticated nurse Agnes von Kurowsky, by stating she was not "a serious, intelligent woman."

Griffin also makes numerous factual mistakes. Hemingway's mother's temporary blindness was not related to scarlet fever; Hemingway's left eye was defective from birth, not from boxing with his son Jack; the family cottage was named after an English lake, not in appreciation of Sir Walter Scott; Hemingway was never a lieutenant in the Italian army; Jim Gamble did not save his life. Hemingway, while earning $50 a week and saving for a trip to Italy with Hadley, did not lose $700 on the Carpentier-Dempsey fight. His close friend Chink Dorman-Smith was Irish, not Scottish, and was not (like Griffin) credulous about Heming-

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way's sexual adventures. Griffin states, without evidence, that Hemingway had sexual relations with Indian girls, was actually engaged to the actress Mae Marsh, was seduced by a rich, beautiful woman in Paris in 1918 (a fantasy from *The Torrents of Spring*), and was the lover of his childhood friend Kate Smith. In "Summer People," his story about Kate, as in *A Farewell to Arms* and *Across the River*, Hemingway portrays fictional sex with women he never managed to sleep with in real life.

Griffin describes in excruciating detail the buds and lawn in Oak Park and the kinds of apples at Walloon Lake, a sister's dress and a walk to a dance, an uncle's handkerchief and the temperature in Kansas City, what Hadley made for breakfast and wore on her honeymoon. But he does not fully discuss the influence of the Civil War, the church and high school in Oak Park, the marriage of Hemingway's parents and Hemingway's conflict with them, his writing for papers in Kansas City, Toronto, and Chicago, the psychological effects of his wound, his friendship with Chink Dorman-Smith, and, most importantly, how the dominant traits of his character emerged from his early life. Griffin's laundered Hemingway is a conventional chap who shows no indication of future greatness. This portrait is likely to please the immediate family (Jack writes a laudatory preface), but few others. If Griffin plans to continue this ambitious project, he will have to raise his standards.

In 1962 Gene Hanrahan reprinted 73 of Hemingway's *Toronto Star* articles in *The Wild Years. Dateline Toronto* contains an additional 99 pieces written in Canada, America, Spain, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Turkey from February 1920 until he left journalism for fiction in January 1924. The subject matter becomes more interesting as Hemingway matures in Europe and writes with acute political perception about the leading figures at the Genoa Economic Conference, the disastrous inflation in the Ruhr ("the economic recovery of Germany is necessary if Europe is ever to get back to normal"), and the retreat of the Greek refugees into Thrace after the Turkish victory—the subject of two great chapters of *In Our Time*. As a reporter, he consistently supported the underdogs and the oppressed, expressed sympathy for the victims of war and of violence. Long before most observers, he saw the true nature of Fascism and the character of Mussolini, whom he called "the biggest bluff in Europe."

Hemingway says that Georges Carpentier's hands "strike as fast as cobras," and his narration of a boxing match in Vienna illuminates chapter eight of *The Sun Also Rises*. His account of the Italian army marching through the white dust foreshadows the brilliant conclusion of "A Way You'll Never Be," and his rhythmic, realistic description of the Piave front equals the finest passages of *A Farewell to Arms*: "They died in the mountain gullies, in the pine woods on the Trentino slopes, hunting cover on the desolate rocks and pitched out in the soft-melting early summer snow of the Pasubio." □

FILM

LOVE'S FOOLS

John Simon

The historical and human elements are cannily blended in *The Official Story*, an Argentine film in which national calamity and individual tragedy answer each other like strophe and antistrophe. It is rare for a film to do equal justice to public and private problems, with subject and theme in such harrowingly close harmony. Furthermore, technique—a preponderance of short, nervously edited scenes with many tight closeups (the director got his training in TV commercials)—is in flawless balance with content. For the slow dawning of realization must be shown in minutely scrutinized countenances; the frantic pursuit of an elusive truth, with jagged scenes hurtling from place to place.

It is 1983, after the Falkland disaster; an edgy dictatorship wages a secret, dirty war against so-called subversives. Argentina is suddenly full—or emptied—of *desaparecidos*, missing people who were tortured and killed in camps where the butchers often sold or adopted children abducted with their parents or born there. Unless, of course, the children, too, were killed. The story concerns Alicia, a middle-aged history teacher in an upper-bourgeois prep school, married to Roberto, a high-level executive in a U.S.-dominated multinational corporation. Childless, the couple has adopted Gabi, now five, from what Roberto vaguely described as a mother at some hospital who did not want her. Both adoptive parents lavish affection on the dazzling little girl, though they're not particularly emotional otherwise: Roberto is a slippery-smooth, cool businessman; Alicia a strict teacher preconizing hard grading and stringent discipline.

But when the beautiful Ana, back from long exile, meets her old friend Alicia again, she has a horrific tale of torture and rape to impart, along with the revelation that many recently adopted children belonged to murdered mothers. Here begins Alicia's awakening. She is a decent, intelligent person—one of those who are even more important to a dictatorship than active collaborators: the ones who see only what suits them. Most effectively, the scenarists—the writer Aïda Bortnick and the director Luis Puenzo—have chosen for their protagonist a history teacher and "mother"—showing how one who should know best and feel most can be rendered ignorant and apa-

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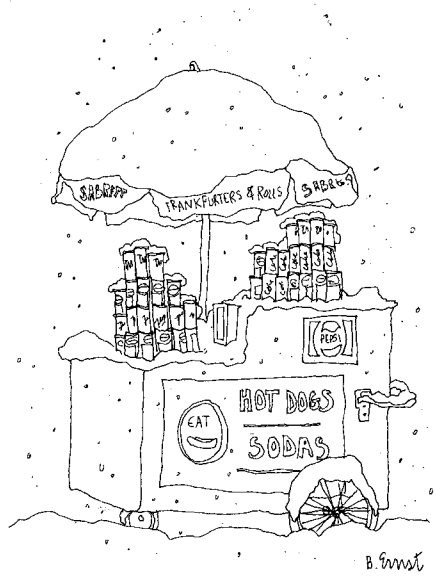
thetic by convenience. In class, when a student presents a seamy view of Argentine history that clashes with the official version, the incredulous Alicia asks for documents, for books supporting the pupil's report. Comes the cocky but credible answer: "History is written by the assassins."

Questioning her husband anew about Gabi, Alicia gets replies that are even shorter, shadowier, more snappish than before. At the same time, through glimpses of various students, teachers, business and political figures, and publicly protesting grandmothers, our boding unease is made to grow in unison with hers. There is, for example, a dinner party where all the men are in formal black, and only a young American, son of a partner in Roberto's firm, is wearing white. Nothing is made of this explicitly, yet the alien and alienating presence prefigures Roberto's involvement in foreign speculation. Also at the party is a particularly crusty ramrod of a general, which hints at Roberto's connection with the paramilitary forces. This scene is paralleled by a women's lunch at which Ana, who was jailed and abused for a long-since-concluded affair with a suspected and wanted revolutionary, rounds on a woman friend who, after not coming to her aid, presented the escaping, expropriated Ana with a set of silver salt and pepper shakers.

With many such fine, small, piercing touches, the film traces Alicia's awakening. When Alicia asks Ana why she didn't denounce her torturers and Ana replies with the question, "To whom could I have denounced them?," the chill is intensified by the setting: Alicia's comfortable living room, full of the gratuities of affluence punctiliously recorded by the camera. And as we observe the adorable but already spoiled little Gabi, we wonder how much of this parental overindulgence is expiation of repressed guilt. Alicia decides to investigate, and it is one of the film's multiple achievements to chronicle faithfully the tiny, worsening incidents that jolt the woman out of mendacious acquiescence into brave, eventually self-destructive but also redeeming, action. For although *The Official Story* wisely leaves some searing questions open, there is no doubt about the penultimate shot, in which Alicia, not unlike Ibsen's Nora, leaves the keys on the inside as she departs. Her husband has just brutalized her for the first time; worse, he has been revealed as a liar and a fascist. A public tragedy has been brought home to a private, badly burnt heart.

Yet a film subtle enough to tell so much through keys left in a lock on the inside is in no danger of portraying Roberto as a simplistic villain. (The nearest thing to that is Alicia's confessor, a priest emblematic of the complicity of the Argentine church, who keeps pushing Alicia back into blindness.) Roberto is the son of an impoverished radical family whom he perceives as losers, a family that showers him with contumely while accepting his financial support. An otherwise devoted son and brother, Roberto simply wants to be on the winning team —a human enough flaw. The family conflict erupts in yet another brilliantly orchestrated eating scene—creature comforts in ironic contrast to the soul's discomfiture—as an uncomprehending Gabi and anguished Alicia look on. In such ways is our heroine's education frighteningly furthered.

Hectic scenes are cunningly interrupted by seemingly calm, tight shots, extended dwellings on a bedeviled face —at one point on no more than a single eye of Roberto's bulging out from behind a hand pressed to his forehead as to a wound—or on some leisurely object scrutinized in esurient closeup, and a delusive sense of peace is set up for puncturing. No less magisterial than the directing is the acting. Norma Aleandro, as the heroine evolving out of complacency into heroism, profits even from being unequivocally average-looking. Thus it is her per-



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formance (and a little cheating with hairdos) that makes her grow in beauty as well as perception. She has an intensity whose increase she can calibrate with uncanny control; even her reaction to her husband's final violence is more of an implosion, and more unbearably painful for that. As Roberto, Héctor Alterio is hardly less fine, with aggrievedness, crankiness, violence always aswirl under the rippling flow of his self-presentation. The actor, moreover, has the good sense to make Roberto more pathetic than vile.

The supporting cast is solid, and Félix Monti's camera reliable. Though the music has moments of overinsistence, it can also, at times, insinuate. Above all, the Puenzo-Bortnick screenplay, while maintaining an aura of sophistication and even humor, knows how to let horror creep in as a blur, then a glimmer, at last a conflagration. Even the pseudo-quiet of the ending merely bespeaks loss. At 39, Luis Puenzo has directed his first feature like a master.

STAGE PLAYS do not make good movies; in recent years only *Breaker Morant* succeeded, being presumably one of those renowned exceptions that supposedly prove the rule. Sam Shepard's *Fool for Love*, however, is no exception: Not all that good on stage, it loses most of its strength on screen. Thus the play unfurled simultaneously in a specific location—the ramshackle Western motel in which the spur-crossed lovers (the feckless cowboy, Eddie, and the passionate but soured drifter, May) slug out their doomed, incestuous affair—and a geography of the mind, where the crazed old father of the lovers (they had different mothers) lives and drinks out a fantasy life scarcely more motley than his real one.

It is this mutual impinging of reality and fantasy that gave the play much of its interest, as did the two lovers playing jai alai with each other's bodies as they bounced them against a resounding floor and walls. The movie could not duplicate this, so Shepard devised a scenario in which the past takes place concurrently behind and around the present, with present selves mingling with past ones, and no explanations offered. The solution is ingenious, especially as abetted by Pierre Mignot's extremely flexible camera work and Robert Altman's most resourceful direction in years. Even so, it doesn't work:

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Film has an obsessive quasi-reality about it, whose circumventing requires full-time, not part-time, attention. An effect such as a room suddenly lighting up from the headlights of a car whose driver threatens murder simply does not have the same eeriness on film.

Although Sam Shepard is a very good Eddie, Ed Harris was a sensational one; the lugubrious Harry Dean Stanton lacks the whimsy the father must have along with more serious mischief. Still, Randy Quaid is superb as May's comic suitor, and Kim Basinger is a magisterial May. If she is a shade too pretty for the part, why quibble with one of the film's very few lagniappes? □

SOUND ON DISC

CHERUBINI & OTHER MATTERS

Ralph de Toledano

"IN THE morning the guillotine was kept busy," it was remarked during the days of the Terror, "and in the evening one could not get a seat at the theater." It was in this atmosphere that Luigi Cherubini—acclaimed by Beethoven as the greatest musician of his time—conducted and sought to extract from the artistic bombast of the French Revolution a true voice. He had made his reputation before the tumbrels became vehicles for slaughter, and in the years that followed, he turned the revolutionary "horror and escape" opera into important music drama and gave Wagner the *cri de fureur* of the leitmotif—a device that the German carried to sometimes boring heights.

Napoleon, a patron of music who demanded obedience in matters of taste from lesser composers, resented Cherubini's independence, and there are accounts of the two men glowering at each other during rehearsals at the Conservatoire. But Cherubini continued to write compositions that Berlioz called "sublime" and that his contemporaries placed against the music of Haydn, Mozart, and Clementi—the classical masters.

But what has happened to this towering genius, this Florentine turned Parisian who fused the strains of French, German, and Italian expression into a European whole, whose liturgical roots went back to Tomás Luis de Victoria? Today most critics refer to him tangentially and off the elbow. The concert halls seldom sing with his superlative music. The time, certainly, has come for a Cherubini revival.

Perhaps Riccardo Muti, in my opinion the best of today's conductors and a musician of wide-ranging and catholic interests, will achieve this. Muti has excellently rendered the standard works to which audiences respond. But he is a Cherubini enthusiast, and now, with the Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, he gives us one of Cherubini's great works—the *Coronation Mass in A*, written to inaugurate the unhappy five-year reign of Charles X.

The ceremony, it was believed, would mark the return to pre-Revolution times, and it took place in Reims, the Merovingian capital, with Charlemagne's sword and scepter as props. Critics tell us that this Mass was a deliberate attempt to restate classical themes in classical terms. But any study of Cherubini's other Masses shows that it was of a piece with all of his music. True, it drew some sustenance from Haydn's Masses. But if the *Cor-*

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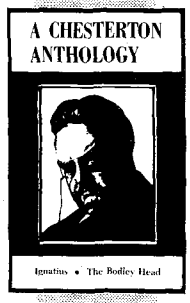

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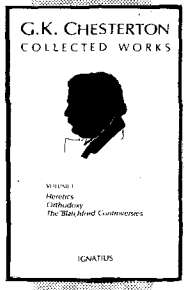

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onation Mass looked back, it also looked forward. Its logic and innovations would echo in the thundering Berlioz *Requiem*, as Cherubini's operas would influence Verdi.

Rich and austere, sometimes shimmering and sometimes foursquare, it made its rigorous obeisance to God—full of awe and tenderness and wonder and dedicated to the One *cujus regni non erit finis*. In the Credo, the "I believe" surges every time it is repeated. This is liturgy at its very finest, and if we miss the point, Muti makes us remember it.

Interestingly, as a kind of coda, Muti closes his performance with the orchestral *Marche religieuse*, a small masterpiece of which Berlioz wrote that "no earthly sound disturbs its transcendental calm" or a faith that is free of doubt. Only in the works of Victoria can one find such quiet and powerful intensity (Angel-EMI, DS 38240).

I also call to your attention the *Arnstadt Chorale Preludes* of Johann Sebastian Bach, played by Werner Jacob on the Silbermann organ of the Arlesheim Cathedral (Angel-EMI DSB 3986). The major interest in these preludes stems from their recent discovery in a mass of manuscripts at Yale University. As such, they are of great importance to the musicologist and music historian. They are also of significance to the Bach collector, who, like all collectors, must have the entire *œuvre*. The 82 *Arnstadt* preludes, however, are just that many drops in

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN THE ten years since the chief of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service announced that "illegal immigration is out of control," writing on the subject has steadily increased to the point where it now amounts to something of a growth industry, despite the obvious desire on the part of what Mark Twain described as "America's only native criminal class" to see discussion of the problem fade away like other embarrassments, such as old soldiers or the Constitution of the United States. The fact is that the longer observers outside of Congress and the *Wall Street Journal* examine the problem of illegal immigration, the more deeply aware of its gravity they become, and the less disposed either to shrug it off as an aspect of historical inevitability or to accept it as a windfall boost to the economy and the *Weltanschauung* of George Gilder. One of the most recent—as well as most interesting—volumes on the subject is *Citizenship without Consent: Illegal Aliens in the American Polity* (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.; $22.50), by Peter H. Schuck and Rogers M. Smith, which considers the nature of American citizenship and the damage done by modern misreadings of its origin, assumed to lie in uncontested notions of birthright citizenship.

Since the ratification, in 1868, of the Fourteenth Amendment with its Citizenship Clause ("All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside"), the legitimacy of birthright citizenship has never been seriously challenged; yet, as Schuck and Smith show, the idea has really been something of a "bastard concept" throughout American history. Although it has, in the past as today, frequently been invested with a liberal significance, it is actually a product of the feudal mind, which conceived it from associated ideas of sovereignty, legal personality, and allegiance. Incorporated (with modifications) into English common law and the elucidations of Blackstone, it was inevitably confronted by the consensualism of John Locke and the burgeoning continental tradition of public law as represented by Burlamaqui and Vattel, according to which "mere birth within a nation's border seem[ed] to be an anomalous, inadequate measure or expression of an individual's consent to its rule and a decidedly crude indicator of the nation's consent to the individual's admission to political membership." Although—as one might expect—the consensual view of political membership was "extremely prominent" in early American political thought and appears "full-blown" in the Declaration of Independence, the concept of citizenship was never defined by the Framers of the Constitution, who clearly presumed nevertheless that citizenship was a prerogative of birth.

For reasons of expediency, Americans during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries held mainly to ascriptive views, departing from that tradition mainly in order to deny the coveted status of citizen to freedmen and Indians; the result being that, given the singular reticence or inexplicitness of the debates surrounding its ratification, it remains difficult to say what exactly the framers of the later Citizenship Clause had in mind. However, Schuck and Smith do provide convincing argument that of equal importance with the phrase "All persons born or naturalized in the United States" is the immediately ensuing "jurisdiction requirement," which they take as providing the consensual element, mandating "a reciprocal relationship between [citizen and government] at time of birth, in which the government consented to the individual's presence and status and offered him complete protection." On the basis of their reading of this clause, the authors call for changes in the current citizenship laws, restricting birthright citizenship to the children of citizens and of legally resident aliens.

"Today," they argue, "the nation is experiencing a new, convulsive violation of consensually based political community: the dramatic increase in the number of undocumented aliens, most of whom are present in contravention of the expressed consent of the political community. . . . As the nation's experience with slavery indicates, the existence of a large, discrete population that is present within the political community but is ineligible not only for membership but also for many lesser forms of participation in social life cannot fail to provoke continuing political turbulence." Lured by the fantastically cornucopic American welfare state—which has itself grossly devalued the meaning of citizenship by substituting economic for political eligibility as democracy's *pièce de résistance*—hundreds of thousands of immigrants each year are slipping past the INS in order that their children may be born on U.S. soil, their birth certificates a near-guarantee of huge rewards accruing to entire families. Certainly this is not a situation envisioned by the Fourteenth Amendment, nor is it one American democracy can tolerate for long. □

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the vast ocean of Bach compositions. They are excellently, though perhaps too respectfully, performed by Jacob, who understands that the organ is not an instrument on which one should play games with dynamics. But for those interested in Bach's organ works and not in the thrill of discovery, the *Orgelbüchlein* must still suffice.

Somewhat disappointing is a new recording of the Brahms Double Concerto by Yehudi Menuhin, violin, and Paul Tortelier, cello, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Paavo Berglund (Angel-EMI DS 38226). There is a softness to the playing of both Menuhin and Tortelier that muffles the voice of this last orchestral work of Brahms. Violin, cello, and orchestra are a difficult combination, and soloists and conductor lose the necessary definition unless they come through strongly. So I still stand by what I consider the superior performance by Itzhak Perlman, Mstislav Rostropovich, and Bernard Haitink conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra (Angel-EMI SZ 37680). They enunciate a beautiful score with a clarity and power lacking in the Menuhin-Tortelier-Berglund rendition.

I have, however, no reservations about the recording by Otto Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra of the Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D and the Symphony No. 4 in E Minor (Angel-EMI AE 34413). Klemperer, I have always felt, would have been completely at home in the Mannheim school. There is no la-de-da about the way he approaches a score, whether it be Bach, Beethoven, or Brahms. In this recording, he is playing Brahms, not massaging his ego.

Otto Klemperer is again responsible for a recording of Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 in D Minor—the "Choral"—which has been digitally remastered (Angel-EMI AE 34428). The critics, God bless them, have argued interminably over whether Beethoven did or did not know what he was doing when he concluded this bold and triumphant symphony with a choral movement. The historical evidence is that he himself was of two minds about this—but then he frequently second- and third-guessed himself. The symphony is there, and if I may be permitted an opinion, I think it would have been a greater work with an instrumental conclusion. To be bilingually vulgar about it, Schiller's "Ode to

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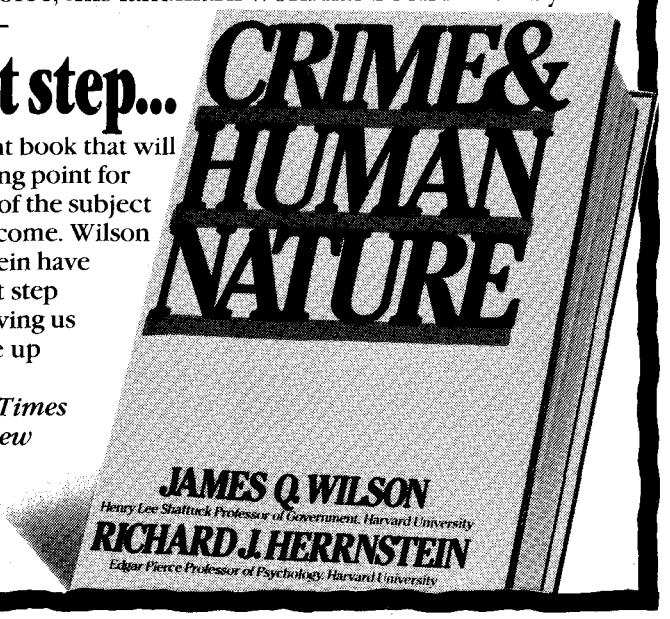
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Joy"—the text of the chorale—*no me levanta las tripas*. I would say that Klemperer does the very best with it, as he solidly does with the entire symphony—program or no program. Many years ago, Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra recorded the Ninth but I felt then, as I do now in vague retrospect, that the performance was more Arturo than it was Ludwig. Klemperer puts Beethoven first, so he has my unqualified vote. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Jerry Falwell and the Jews, by Merrill Simon (Jonathan David, 172 pp., $12.50)

MERRILL SIMON, national political editor of *Israel Today*, is a dyed-in-the-wool Zionist. Jerry Falwell is—well, Jerry Falwell. Your average man in the street (not to mention your average Jewish liberal) is likely to wonder what in the world caused these two gentlemen to write a book together—which just goes to show you how thoroughly your average man in the street (not to mention your average Jewish liberal) has been brainwashed by the elite media on the subject of Jerry Falwell. Mr. Simon sums it up neatly in his introduction to *Jerry Falwell and the Jews*: "There has emerged one man who has become an outspoken supporter of Israel's policies and political positions, a person whose public support of the state of Israel has been tendered consistently, without apology, and without Jewish solicitation, no matter how controversial the issue. This man is Jerry Falwell." *We* knew that, of course, but Mr. Simon, recognizing the extent to which America's Jewish liberals have misinterpreted the Falwell phenomenon, has decided to do something concrete about it. Hence this book, a lengthy question-and-answer session on three topics: Judaism, the state of Israel, and the social issues. Mr. Simon's questions are by turns ingenuous ("Is there, in your opinion, a better religion for Jews than Judaism?") and direct ("Could you define Christianity for us?"). Mr. Falwell's answers are consistently intelligent and unapologetic, with more than a few flashes of genuine political sophistication. ("I do not want to see government invading the bedrooms of the American people. But I do want to see America symbolically, at least, positioned against moral perversion. I want the United States to clearly take its legislative position on the side of the traditional family. I am not in favor of jailing or harassing persons because of their sexual orientation.") Despite the occasional hint of when-did-you-stop-beating-your-wife hostility, Mr. Simon has made a major contribution to what Dinesh D'Souza has called the "detoxification" of Jerry Falwell—and, one suspects, an equally important contribution to the gradual conservatizing of American Jews. More power to him. TERRY TEACHOUT

Assured Survival, by Ben Bova (Houghton Mifflin, 343 pp., $15.95)

THE DEBATE over President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative has generated much more heat than light: Impassioned pamphlets and diatribes have spilled out in profusion, but not much in the way of rational, objective, informed analysis. Happily, *Assured Survival* is just such an analysis. The book's subtitle, "Putting the Star Wars Defense in Perspective," exactly describes the author's accomplishment. As an aerospace executive, former executive editor of *Omni*, and world-class science-fact and science-fiction author, Bova knows his subject—which includes politics, economics, science, and strategy—and he presents it so as to give the intelligent non-specialist a clear and lucid understanding of the pros and cons. As with most issues, there are two sides to this one, and Bova, though personally in favor of SDI, bends over backward to be fair. Besides examining SDI, *Assured Survival* presents a lot of historical background: space development, space weaponry, geopolitics, and scientific and technical history. Its subject is nothing less than the survival of the human race, concerning which Bova remains optimistic without glossing over the very real dangers. JACK D. KIRWAN

The Soul of the Night: An Astronomical Pilgrimage, by Chet Raymo (Prentice-Hall, 209 pp., $15.95)

WITH THE revisitation of Halley's comet in progress, Chet Raymo's *The Soul of the Night* is perfect reading, not only for toning up the mind but also for tuning in on the aesthetic wonder of it all. Though concentrating on the wonders of the night, Professor Raymo's chapters—really separate essays—deal with all levels of life in the hierarchy of being. Any summer night, when the world outside seems to us placid and asleep, it is actually teeming with the various existences of birds and all kinds of other creatures, from crickets to monsters in the dark pool. Professor Raymo, a C. P. Snow-type scientist, gives ample evidence of being generously well-read in the humanities. His text is not presumptuous, however, but naturally at home with its references to Thoreau, Blake, Max Picard, and Theodore Roethke. Still, it is curious that in his references to that mythical monster, the Great Kraken, Raymo makes no allusion whatever to Tennyson's notable poem on the subject. It is also too bad that the jacket blurb compares Raymo's science writing to that of Carl Sagan and Lewis Thomas, whereas it would have been more accurate to place him with Donald Culross Peattie and the late Loren Eiseley. He has a finer philosophical sensibility than the nominalist Sagan and at the same time is as informative as Thomas. In fact, this is a stunning book. The woodcuts are superb complements to the text and have to be the finest since Rockwell Kent and Lynd Ward. THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

MOLNAR

(Continued from page 44)

this ukase because they wish to give their children a spiritual anchor in the secular vacuum. Many intellectuals attend Mass regularly, motivated, among other things, by patriotism. Church attendance has become a form of protest, a way in which unashamed love of country and opposition to Communism can be demonstrated.

Some fundamental changes have occurred in Hungary. What strikes an observer after so many years is the total secularization of the society, a public life without reference to anything religious, systematically desacralized, stripped of transcendence. The relative material poverty in Hungary, coupled with the absolute failure of Communism to stir the imagination, to satisfy the aspirations of the people, shows the spiritual barrenness of the regime in all its terrifying aspects. Christianity is officially forbidden to fill the void. The consequence is that people are waiting for a miracle to happen, either

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material fulfillment or spiritual renewal. *This* is what saves their secularization from being as dispirited as that of the West. The Hungarian Church's goal is to survive until the time is ripe for miracles. □

LETTERS

(Continued from page 15)

They make no attempt to refute the article's central thesis, which is that the experience of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, at which there were no winter effects, by itself refutes the nuclear-winter hypothesis. This might not be the case if their own models did not predict localized nuclear winters—if the only possible winters were global or regional. But their models do predict localized winters. Were their models correct, there would have been some winter effects at both Japanese cities.

In addition to completely ignoring the first three pages of my article, those on Japan, they completely ignore as well the last three pages, in which I list eight separate weak links in the chain of evidence for nuclear winter. They did not respond to one, not even to my exposure of the preposterous contradiction between the claimed physical mechanism of nuclear winter, the so-called "anti-greenhouse effect" and the winter theory's projected temperature drops of up to 120 degrees. The greenhouse effect adds only between 35 and 55 degrees to the earth's temperature. Since complete cancellation of the greenhouse effect is supposed to be the "limiting case" for nuclear-winter temperature drops (according to the National Academy of Sciences report, to which Turco and Toon contributed), what are we to think of nuclear-winter models that produce temperature drops of up to 120 degrees?

I have indeed read the original unpublished nuclear-winter report, the so-called bluebook. In this, however, I am one of a privileged few. For despite the TTAPS members' song and dance about how thoroughly their work was reviewed, three years after nuclear winter was proclaimed to the world the full bluebook has yet to see the light of day in any specialized, independently refereed journal of science, this despite repeated promises of timely publication.

Turco et al. repeat TTAPS's practice of serving up instances of scientists' reviews of their work, no matter how unfavorable, as if they were instances of endorsement. Turco notes that the theory was reviewed by a NASA panel of three senior scientists. He omits to mention that NASA refused to endorse the TTAPS findings without additional scientific backups. Turco and company fail to grapple with the criticisms delivered by members of their own academic fraternity, such as Dyson, Katz, Maddox, Singer, and Rathjens, dismissing the criticisms as "self-serving." Yet many of nuclear winter's critics, notably George Rathjens, share TTAPS's political views.

Robert Whitten misses the point when he refers vaguely to some possible synergistic effect of global nuclear war on the climate, suggesting that the lack of such synergy justifies shrugging off our experience with great city fires during WW II. Nuclear winter is not based on nebulous synergisms, but on specific calculations, right or wrong. Vague possibilities can not be programmed into a computer. What is relevant is that the factors that are programmed into the nuclear-winter computer do predict localized winters in target areas such as Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and Dresden, where, of course, no such winters occurred.

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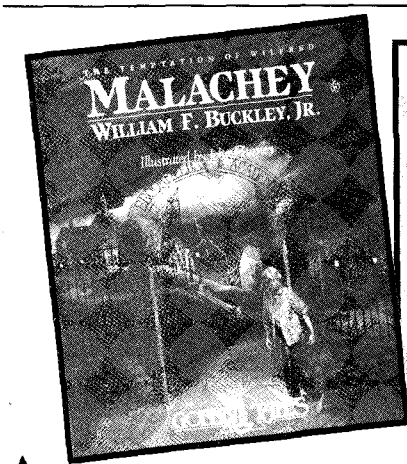

JAN LUKAS

After writing 24 books for adults, the syndicated columnist and editor of the *National Review* has turned his gift for wit and suspense to a morality tale for boys and girls. "I kind of like odd challenges," explains Mr. Buckley—whose widely praised story is about a youngster who encounters a demonic IBM 4341 mainframe at his New England prep school and struggles to make right triumph.

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ARE PACs GOOD FOR YOU?

NEW YORK, DEC. 20

DAVID BOREN of Oklahoma has a bill up before the Senate that would limit the spending by PACs on individual candidacies. What Senator Boren is saying is what we have all been hearing for so long, namely that PACs are dominating the votes of congressmen. Concerning which, a few observations and a reminiscence:

1) In December of 1973, I had a telephone call from Peter Peterson asking me to endorse a citizens' committee's call designed to accomplish two things. The first was to limit the earnings a congressman or senator would be permitted. The second was to reward congressmen and senators, who, in Peterson's opinion, were underpaid. His reasoning was that if a legislator continues to give high-paid speeches and write books and articles and remain a partner in his law firm, he is going to run into a conflict of interest.

I regret deeply, in retrospect, that I gave my name to a reform that turned out to be much less than that. Because from that general impulse grew the idea that individual contributors to a political campaign should be limited in what they could give. That dispute ended in a law suit, and the Supreme Court ruled, in *Buckley* v. *Valeo*, that one couldn't constitutionally limit the sum that Candidate Jones spends on his own candidacy if it comes from his own pocket; or the sum Citizen Smith spends to advance the policies with which Candidate Jones is identified, provided that Smith is not acting in collusion with Jones.

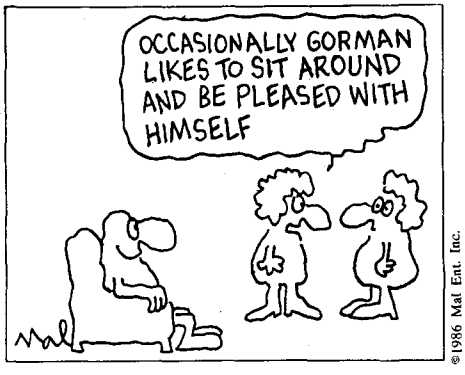
2) The situation gave rise to two phenomena. The first, of course, was the PACs. They are organizations whose function it is to round up all the Citizen Smiths they can find, get money from them, and spend that money to elect Candidate Jones. The PAC contributions to general elections seem to be doubling every four years, and Senator Boren is correctly concerned about the implications of congressional dependence on money-raising issues.

But a side effect of the PACs is the increasing immobility of Congress. It is easier to raise money for an incumbent, and the re-election rate threatens to reach an all-time high, if you take into account that Southern seats are now genuinely contested. This means that congressmen will be reluctant to limit PACs, which serve them so well to stay where they are. And why do they care so much about staying where they are?

3) In part they care because the Peterson Protocol has had a most serious effect on congressmen. They are told that they cannot pursue other interests, indeed in effect that they cannot keep other skills honed. It becomes then a supreme matter of concern for them that they should achieve re-election: because acting as congressmen is, after a while, all they know how to do. Traditionally in America men would go to Congress for a couple of terms and then go back to what one used to call the "real world." Back to business, back to law, back to the academy, whatever.

Last week, the figure by which senators are permitted to augment their income was raised by $7,500 (though this bill has yet to be signed into law). That is a step in the right direction. But it doesn't go far enough. The Republic has a stake in a congressman's continuing to engage himself in other activity than lawmaking. There is, in fact, much sentiment that would limit the terms of congressmen to eight years, or ten: but the possibility of such a reform's being passed is approximately zero.

The reform truly needed is intimately bound up in the ethos of government. The other day, on one of the morning talk shows, House Minority Leader Bob Michel was talking about the vote on tax reform. What he said was that he himself had "voted [his] district." After all, he continued, his district in Illinois is a heavy-industry district, and there are provisions in the Rostenkowski bill that reduce incentives to investment and vitiate depreciation schedules. You can't expect me, Michel was saying, under such circumstances to vote for such a bill? Now can you?



Well, 4) yes, actually. It really does have to do with the ethos. Representatives in Congress have got to be expected to think about the commonweal. We have to make great efforts to judge congressmen by their fidelity to the interests of the Republic. Otherwise, they might as well become light bulbs, to flash red or green according to plebiscitary findings back home.

On the money matter, we'd be better off undoing the whole baggage train of dos and don'ts. Just reveal everything, and let the voters decide. □

O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH

NEW YORK, JAN. 3

WE READ a great deal about the troubled world we live in, and we should read more about it, as we contemplate 1986 and the challenge ahead in this century. Organized Communism is of course the principal agent of human evil, but there is a great deal of this that springs, so to speak, from the very soul of man, and it is everywhere: in Central Park, in the South Bronx, in West Hollywood, and around the corner, true: but in America its force is not organized, and this is a critical difference.

Doing some light reading over the Christmas holidays, I learned more about Colonel Idi Amin than I had known, from the hugely rewarding *Modern Times* of Paul Johnson, the British historian. And reflection on Amin is by no means out of order, inasmuch as he is alive and well, looked after by the Sheiks of Araby in Jidda.

Listen to this: Idi Amin became a Muslim when he was 16. He hired out as a Ugandan mercenary to fight cattle rustlers in Kenya. "It was discovered," writes Johnson, "that he had murdered Pokot tribesmen and left them to be eaten by hyenas, got information from Karamajog tribesmen by threatening to cut off their penises with a *panga*, and had actually sliced off the genitals of eight of them to obtain confessions." All of this and much more the British knew, but were reluctant to prose-

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cute on the eve of independence for Uganda, so they referred the case to prime minister-designate Milton Obote. "Obote settled for a 'severe reprimand,' a curious punishment for mass murder."

Some time later, Qaddafi egged Amin on to oust Obote, because he had a few Israeli advisors about. Amin then began massacre on a he-man scale. "Amin often participated in atrocities, sometimes of a private nature. Kyemba's wife Teresa, matron-in-charge of Mulago Hospital, was present when the fragmented body of Amin's wife Kay was brought in: Amin appears not only to have murdered but dismembered her, for he kept collections of plates from anatomical manuals. He is also said to have killed his son and eaten his heart, as advised by a witch-doctor he flew in from Stanleyville. There can be little doubt he was a ritual cannibal, keeping selected organs in his refrigerator."

Now well after most of this was known to all political insiders in Africa, the Organization of African Unity elected him as its president, and all its chiefs of state, with three exceptions, attended the summit conference held in Kampala. "The heads of state showered Amin with congratulations during the summit when, having consumed parts of his earlier wife, he married a new one," Johnson comments. As chairman of the OAU, he addressed the General Assembly of the UN in 1975 in a rabid speech in which he denounced a "Zionist-U.S. conspiracy" and called not only for the expulsion of Israel but for its extinction (i.e., genocide). "The Assembly gave him a standing ovation when he arrived, applauded him throughout, and again rose to its feet when he left. The following day, the UN secretary-general and the president of the General Assembly gave a public dinner in Amin's honor."

JOHNSON summarizes: "Amin was not just a case of reversion to African primitivism. In some respects his regime was a characteristic reflection of the 1970s. His terror was a Muslim-Arab phenomenon; his regime was in many ways a foreign one, run by Nubians, Palestinians, and Libyans."

George Shultz made a dramatic gesture when, in Yugoslavia, he banged his fist down on the desk of the foreign minister and cut short the explanation of the hijacking and killing on the *Achille Lauro* as a mere expression of Palestinian earnestness in the search for a homeland. The terrorist let go by the president of Italy, given hospitality in Yugoslavia, protected now in Iraq, is one more testimony to the willingness of world leaders, even leaders of relatively civilized states, to handle matter-of-factly men who deserve execution. They deserve that not merely because moral poetry is served by punishing them. It is, rather, a need for an assertion of will against outlawry by states that try to govern themselves by the rules of law. You cannot at one and the same time generate a heated and purposive disgust with Idi Amin and also give him state dinners in New York, and protect him from mosquito bites in Saudi Arabia. Diplomacy can be the great enervator of moral realism. The United Nations is of course the very worst laboratory for the development of anti-anti-totalitarian vaccines. Sometimes it is simply necessary to confront Genghis Khan across the bargaining table. But beware the ceremony. It weakens the blood of free men. □

RENT CONTROL—UNCONSTITUTIONAL?

NEW YORK, JAN. 6

MY FRIEND got married to a Californian and will go there to live, but, she explained, of course she cannot give up her apartment in New York. Because she plans to visit in it from time to time? No no, nothing like that—she'll get a sub-rental from someone cooperative enough to pretend he/she is a relative or something. The point is to hang on to the apartment, because it's rent-controlled, and the rent comes to like maybe half, or less, of what the apartment would fetch on the open market.

At the other end of the continent, in what is often called the People's Republic of Berkeley, they have the usual combination: 1) rent control and 2) a shortage of apartments. "Ironically," Dan Walters, a political columnist for the *Sacramento Bee*, writes in the *Wall Street Journal*, "the rent-control law and the resulting shortage of housing have forced students to move into expensive high-rise apartment buildings in nearby non-rent-control cities and then to acquire cars to commute to Berkeley."

Meanwhile, 350 miles south of Berkeley, in West Hollywood, the same kind of thing is happening. The city is a gay enclave with extra-economic and extra-sexual eccentricities. *Time* magazine reports that one council member has been indicted on federal embezzlement charges. "Another . . . has posed for a gay magazine, a third, Mayor John Heilman, 28, sprayed a blue stripe in his hair and dressed in a flowing white robe for a political gala." Animal House government, but the non-kooks think rent control is a terrific idea, so the city council rolled back rents to the levels of a year and a half ago and went on to authorize an increase for 1985 of not more than 3 per cent. *Time* reports that outraged landlords splashed not blue paint on their hair, but red paint on the façades of their apartment buildings to protest against what they denounced as "socialism."

The sequel in West Hollywood? The usual. The city council announced grandly that rent control would not apply to new construction, and looked about avidly for investors, a spokesman for whom—real-estate broker and investor John Parks—is quoted as saying that "nobody is going to risk his life savings to build housing in a city where the council is as socialistic and kooky as this one."

IT IS HARD to think of any economic nostrum more comprehensively discredited than rent control, though wage and price controls are a close second. The distortions caused by rent control are everywhere known. The lady who will maintain an apartment she does not need, because she is afraid to let go the bargain she has got. The couple with four bedrooms, the children all grown up: who won't give up the large, unused space—because they can't find a one- or two-bedroom apartment at the same price level. The passion for condominiums, to avoid the constrictions of rent control. The dilapidation of buildings landlords can't afford to invest money in modernizing. And, of course, the ultimate act of disdain: the abandonment of buildings. You just say the hell with it, and walk away; and what once were, and still could be, rental apartments become something on the order of the South Bronx, which looks like Dresden, the day after the bombing.

We know the prudential arguments against rent control, but the philosophical argument has I think been neglected.

Why doesn't someone go to the courts pleading the unconstitutionality of rent control? The Fourteenth Amendment provides that life, liberty, and property cannot be taken from us save by due process of law. Well, the rent-controllers will say, it was due process of law when the city councils of New York, Berkeley, and West Hollywood voted to limit the rent you could charge for a particular apartment. But surely to limit the profit that can be made in one form of enterprise is to exercise a kind of discriminatory approach toward profit which the rule of law forbids . . . And doesn't the Fourteenth Amendment attempt to reflect the rule of law?

Suppose that the city council of New York were to pass a law that milk could not sell for more than ten cents per quart. And suppose then that the dairymen demonstrated that at ten cents they could not make a profit, and proceeded to sell their cows. Would you be justified in saying that the city council of New York had made a capital levy on dairymen?

It is nothing less than that: a capital levy on those whose savings went into the construction of apartment buildings instead, say, of ice cream parlors, or barber shops. It is pleasant when that which is prudentally stupid is also philosophically objectionable. Who will take it to court? □

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

INDIANAPOLIS WIDOWER still working at own business as professional tax accountant at 71. 6'3", 190 lbs., high moral values, Mason, Scottish Rite, Shriner, regular Protestant churchgoer, active, gentle, solvent, sober, non-smoker, good sense of humor. Likes ballroom dancing, big bands, live theater, fine dining, travel, walking, *NR*. Seeks active, mature, good-natured, gentle lady of fairly similar tastes for companionship. Write NR Box 4222.

SINGLE WHITE FEMALE, 30+, non-slender but most "bodacious" and attractive, with glorious red hair, spiritual, healthy, loves reading, animals, old movies; fairly sane; solvent. Wishes to meet nice NYC man of financial accomplishment, for companionship. Box 1899, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016.

SINGLE WHITE FEMALE ACADEMIC, 29, likes films, conversation, wine, would like to meet single white male academic, 36-46, for possible relationship. New Haven. Write NR Box 4216.

WIDOW, VERY YOUNG, late 50s, blonde, fashion model. Enjoy Cheever, Kenton, travel, and a zillion other things. San Francisco Bay area. Please —a sense of humor! Write NR Box 4217.

ATTRACTIVE CONNECTICUT professional lady, 60, loves reading, movies, dining out, seeking educated, healthy gentleman 60-68, honest, no heavy drinkers. Write NR Box 4218.

MALEMAN, 61 and winning. Sound of mind and body. Currently freelancing with typewriter and cameras—traveling America in search of "decisive moments" for book series. Seeks adventurous female associate with charisma, imagination, plus communication skills. If you're in the Southeast between now and April Fool's Day, let's powwow. Samm Woolley. Write NR Box 4215.

RELOCATABLE PROFESSIONAL LADY, considered attractive, divorced mother, likes military history, bird watching, art, travel, cooking, and politics. Wishes to meet attractive Christian (any sect), politically conservative, successful gentleman (45-70), for possible life together. Prefers non-smoker. Write NR Box 4223.

MANHATTAN: Brilliant, affectionate, handsome, politically conservative, Ivy degrees, single, 42, Jewish entrepreneur, with integrity, irreverent humor. Enjoys: computers, real estate, haute cuisine, quiet moments. Seeks gentle, considerate, happy, gracious, educated, beautiful, unattached woman, 29-37, who voted for Reagan. Informative letter, photo. Write NR Box 4220.

SAN FRANCISCO conservative, sensitive, caring man, late 40s, attractive, athletic, pilot, seeks petite lady, 28-42, charming, music lover, non-smoker, caring. Write NR Box 4221.

APPEALING CATHOLIC LADY, interests in arts, boxing, literature, politics, theology, seeks companion with senses of decency and humor, 40+. Boston area. Write NR Box 4214.

NEW JERSEY ATTORNEY, 32, family values, never married, wishes to meet Catholic lady, in her 20s, with college education. Interests: running, attending local theater, politics. Write NR Box 4203.

ACTIVE MAN, young 46, non-smoker, seeks woman who loves sailing as much as he does. Reply, photo. P.O. Box 29109, Queens Village, N.Y. 11429.

REACTIONARY JOURNALIST/WRITER, NYC, tall, dark, 37, expatriate Californian, seeks pretty girl ready for marriage, kids, country life. No smokers. Photo please. Write NR Box 4209.

BROTHER (30, S. Calif., Ph.D.) would like to introduce someone of accomplishment or promise to his attractive sister (31, N.J., Ph.D.), not to mention himself. We appreciate books, music, sports, low-key religion. Write NR Box 4200.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, man, 27, 6'1", Ph.D. engineer. Introverted, non-materialistic, ambitious; enjoy bicycling, movies, free-market economics. Seek female friend, empathetic, athletic, similar age, with some common interests. Write NR Box 4195.

EYE-CATCHING NYC-AREA professional, unencumbered Catholic divorcee, 5'8", 33, M.A., seeks attractive, non-neurotic, non-smoking, taller professional gentleman to share the arts, movies, travel, and romantic adventures. Write NR Box 4193.

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Miscellaneous

NEW YORK PRO-LIFERS! If you're not going to the D.C. march, join a peaceful, prayerful gathering on January 22, at noon, in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Elsie's favorite meal? 78 138 62 124 179 50 11 106

B. Quiet assent 66 111 22 101 150 164 170 75 6 40 155 125

C. Outer Banks sight 12 52 152 121 133 175 143 104 37 81

D. Descriptive of the life of Nixon's dog? 102 58 35 43 182 147 7 96 116

E. Son of Laius 30 19 109 63 126 144 77

F. County in central England 42 93 176 56 156 69 5 108 146 163 80 128 181 21

G. Where Washington was laid to rest (2 words) 132 173 83 118 64 97 122 20 151 2 165

H. Site of grass courts and strawberries & cream 29 157 60 148 86 139 119 103 9

I. Companion to Shadrach 47 92 110 160 177 141 15 33

J. Diminutive 105 74 49 90 13 149

K. Invigorates 137 95 114 154 17 57

L. Shrouding of the truth 91 162 34 23 123 1 45 167 76 134 67

M. City in western Pennsylvania 31 61 166 127 183 107 3 25 178 44

N. On the mark 161 18 48 59 32 145 79 115 94 99

O. Gumshoe (2 words) 72 46 130 140 117 10 112 159 89 26

P. Kind of historian that pleases the Politburo 51 169 158 24 36 113 100 4 87 131 73

Q. An existing thing 136 172 120 14 88 65

R. Wired for sound, in show biz 84 38 70 171 153

S. Stupid 55 68 85 180 28 8 129

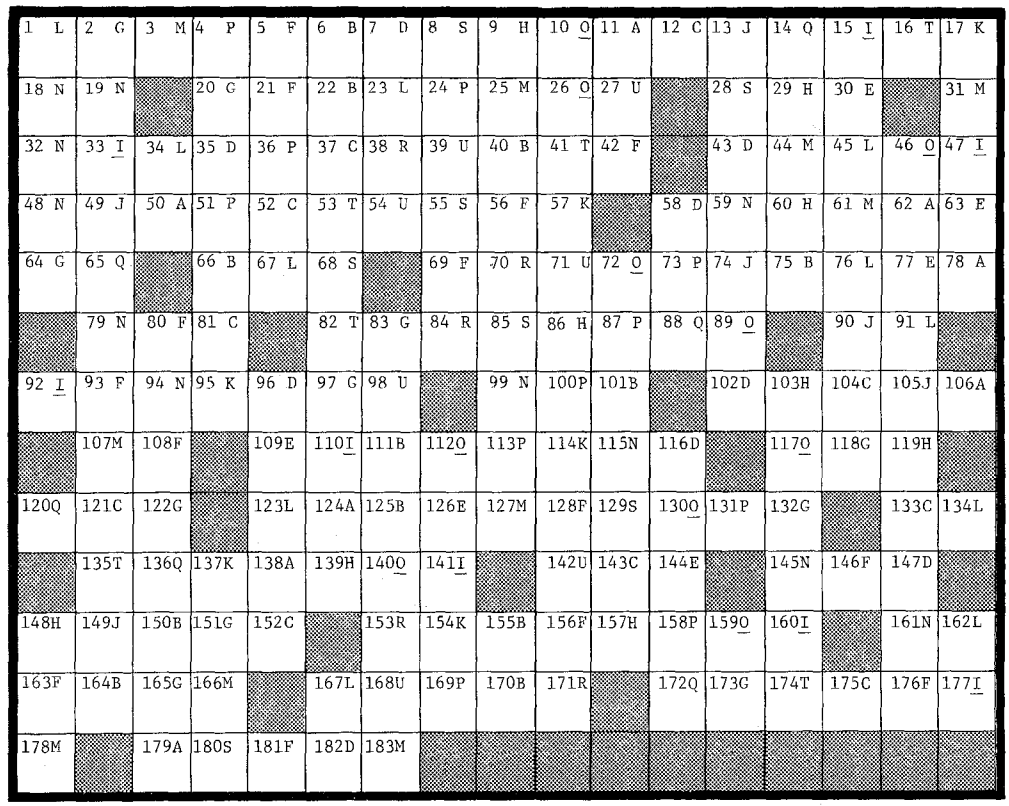
T. The fifth month (Hebrew) 53 82 16 135 41 174

U. Range of vision 71 142 98 27 168 39 54

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 72 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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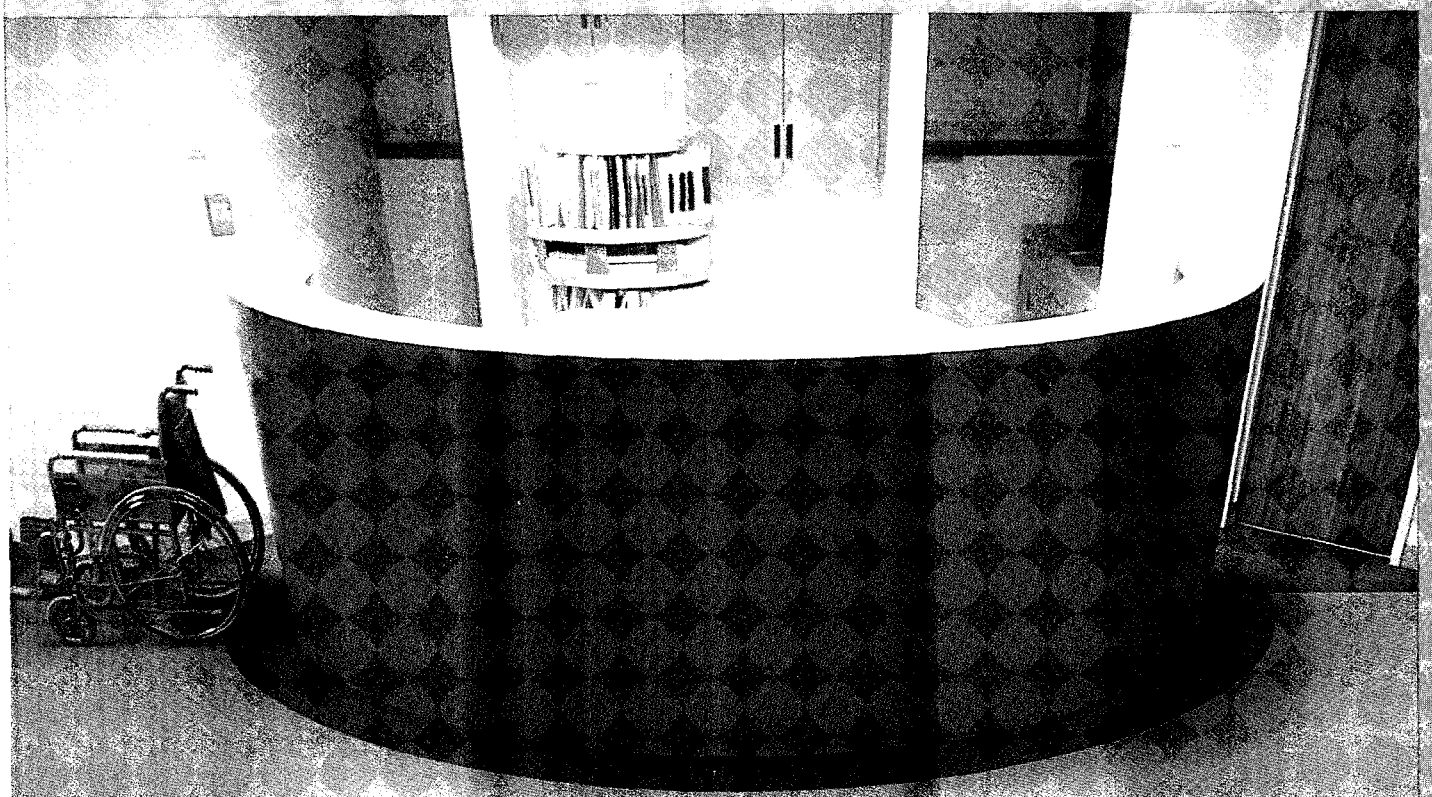

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rnold R. Schaffer, Administrator
ctoria Regional Medical Center, Victoria, Texas

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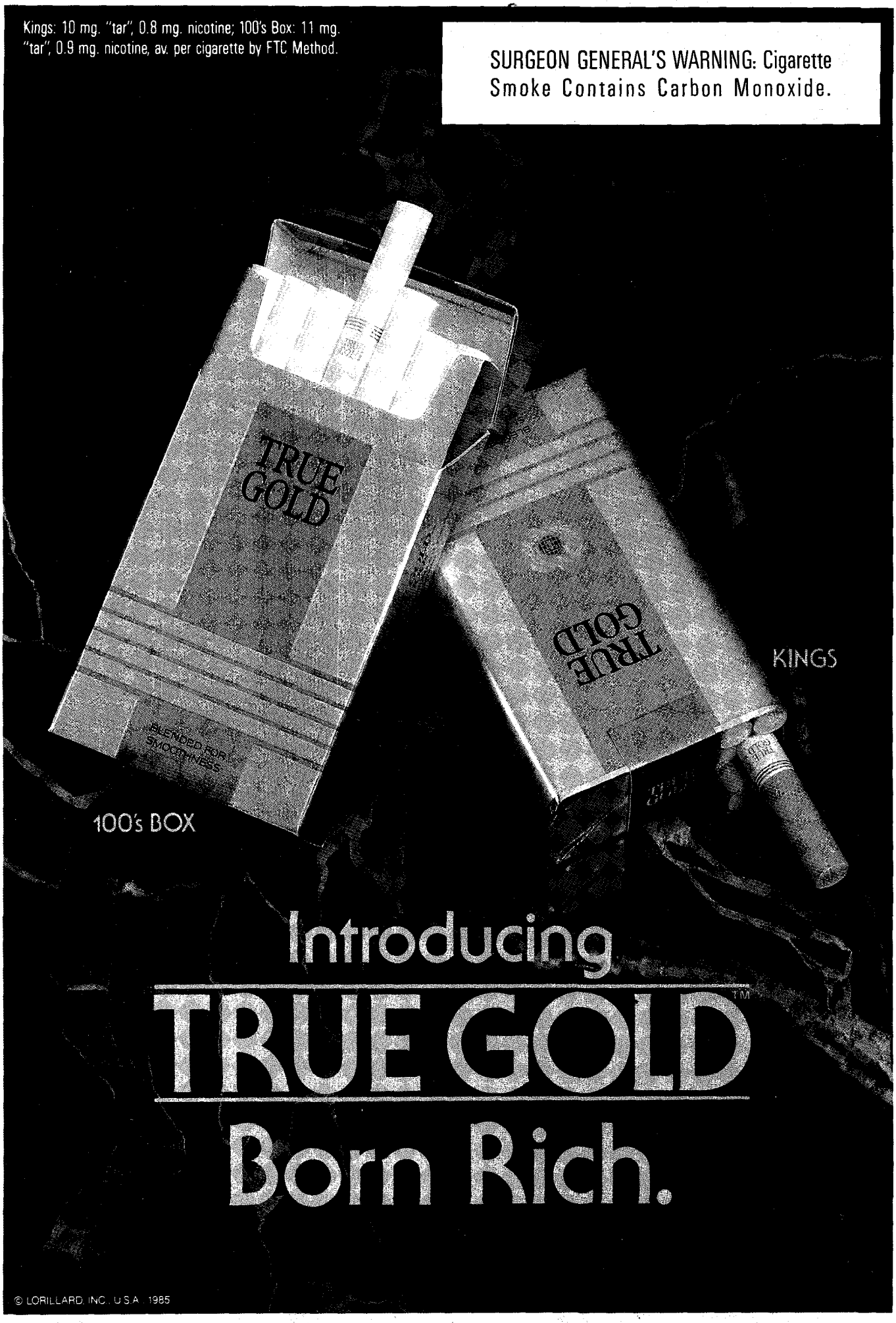
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